

SOME PLAIN WORDS ABOUT THE TSAR'S NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXXI. }

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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXI.

SOME PLAIN WORDS ABOUT THE TSAR'S NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE.

Some time ago a clever American lady asked me what I thought was the chief distinction between Englishmen and Americans. I ventured to reply that, while Americans were very sensitive about having their country, their institutions, and their customs discussed by strangers, or even criticised by each other, we in England rather liked it than otherwise; or, to put it in other words, that on this issue they were thin-skinned, while our skins, on the contrary, were perhaps too thick. She replied that it was so, and the reason was that we were so cock-sure of ourselves.

This is probably true, and it is to be hoped that for a long time to come we shall tolerate and invite in this country the most free and open criticism or ridicule of our insular ways; for there are no remedies so potent and so effective for the shams and quakeries and insincerities which grow like mushrooms on the soil of modern communities, and nowhere more abundantly and more egregiously than in this dear old country of ours.

It is because of these mushroom-growths that we are set down so often by our neighbors as the most consummate Pharisees and pretenders; but, so long as we can tolerate being made fun of by others or laughing at ourselves,

whether it be because we are so cock-sure of our position or for some less attractive reason, we shall have a good tonic available when more than usually ridiculous English men and women try to make the name and reputation of old England absurd.

One thing, it must be said, rather qualifies our hopefulness in this respect, and that is the tendency of our politicians and other anglers for votes and power and influence to pay increasing court to hysterical people and hysterical movements, to countenance different forms of effeminate agitation, and too often to surrender to gush and sentiment, in order to bask for a while in the delusive attractions of what is, after all, but October sunshine.

We are at this moment threatened with a new epidemic of this kind, in which the man-woman or the woman-man is very much to the front, and which is being generalised by certain well-known masters in the art of advertising pretentious forms of sham philanthropy, while their dupes consist in the main of estimable and amiable people who spend most of their lives in praying, not for their own sins, but for the sins of other people, and in weeping over a world so much worse in every way than that in which they themselves live. It is, perhaps,

well that some cold water from somewhere should be poured upon this new form of sentimental absurdity before the temperature gets too hot for control. It will at least save us from ridicule at the hands of our neighbors presently.

The occasion of the new campaign or pantomime, whichever is thought the more appropriate term, is the recent invitation by the Russian Emperor to a general rubbing of noses and exchange of fine sentiments on the subject of peace and goodwill among men.

In itself no one can quarrel with the sentiment. We all hate bloodshed and rapine. We all shudder and shrink from the horrors of actual war, and those among us who have our own boys and our own relations immediately engaged in the very business feel its horrors most keenly. The most ruthless destroyers of the human race—men like Napoleon—have uttered fine generous sentiments on this subject, but we feel just as strongly that, until men's appetites and passions and tempers have been entirely changed, until the jealousies and hatreds and envies which separate communities as they separate individuals, have been eradicated from the race—that is to say, until we have reached the millennium—war will remain with us as surely as famine and pestilence, as sickness and death, all of which are horrible, too.

Hysterical meetings addressed by highly sensitive orators will not alter the inevitable doom of our race; but they may render nerveless and powerless the arm and the weapons which are necessary to guard and protect such communities as ours, which have some claim to be doing useful work in the world, from the assault of those who envy our fortune and despise the liberty and the culture we enjoy.

That the world should daily become more and more like a barrack yard is

deplorable enough, but it is an evil that no amount of screaming will cure; for the disease lies far lower down than the elementary diagnosis of these would-be doctors recognizes.

Let us dissect some of the features of this new agitation, which remind a good many cold-blooded cynics of an *opéra bouffe* on a grand scale. First, in regard to the invitation. This has been issued by the greatest master of legions the world has ever seen. No Roman emperor, no Mongol chieftain, ever controlled such mighty forces as those of modern Russia; and there is a really sublime attraction in the master of so many soldiers, and the direct cause of so many doubts and fears inviting the nations to discuss the folly of soldiering, the evils of war, and the burdens of an armed peace, all with a view to some remedy. The first impulse of every critic who does not immediately gush when some fine phrase is used, is to question the sincerity of the whole proceeding and to attribute it all to a deeply conceived plot and plan. A little closer view does not strengthen the notion that the plan, however sinister, is very deep-laid or full of cunning. The net is so very obviously planted in full view of the birds that we are rather struck by the simplicity and *naïveté* of the invitation than by the Oriental craft which is popularly supposed to underlie all Russian policy. It is almost obvious that we have to do here with no deep-laid scheme for mystifying the world and taking us all in, but with a genuine, if crude, impulse of a young and generous sovereign, whose sympathies have been moved by the perpetual nightmare which afflicts all serious politicians and who has neither counted the cost nor realized the conditions of the remedy he suggests before he issued his invitation.

The young Russian Emperor is everywhere spoken of as a very at-

tractive personage—sincere, humane and kind. His home and his tastes are those of a kind-hearted country gentleman, and he has married a princess who is very near akin to our own Royal Family—not merely in blood, but in disposition. He rules a community teeming with problems for the social reformer and the political prophet,—a community increasing in numbers at a great rate, for the most part very poor, ignorant, tractable, and gentle, living a life of sordid toil and hardness, which Tolstoi and others have photographed for us. This vast ocean of peasants, hardly broken or diversified by other classes, is periodically wasted by famine and disease. This is the material from which the Russian State is formed, and which the Tsar has continually before him. No wonder he should also feel grave distress and compunction when he thinks of the tremendous and ever-increasing load which the vast armaments of Russia impose upon these poor peasants and upon a country whose resources are only beginning to be exploited, and that he should, perhaps at the instance of more experienced and far-sighted men than himself, suddenly make a proposal to relieve the country of part, at all events, of its incubus. The motive was not an ignoble one, but the best motives in politics avail little against the prosaic opposition of stern facts, and the most obstinate fact of all is that the Emperor's views and yearnings are apparently not those of the public opinion, which in Russia, as elsewhere, is the real master of the situation.

We are accustomed to think and speak of the Autocrat of All the Russias, the typical ruler who rules without a Parliament, and without officials responsible to any one but himself, as the absolute master of the Empire, and as holding the minutest interests of all his subjects in the palm of his hand.

This no doubt he nominally is and does, but in reality he has in most matters a great deal less initiative than does President McKinley. No human being can direct and control the lives and movements and aspirations of one hundred and twenty millions of people, except in a very remote and indirect way; and the more homogeneous and ignorant and tractable the race, the more certainly is it moulded and moved by the Bureaucracy which really rules the country. It is the public opinion of this military and civilian caste which is omnipresent in Russia, which really directs its fate and policy.

So far as we can judge from the reports of reputable witnesses, the Tsar has entirely misinterpreted the wishes and the intentions of this class in his Rescript. The Russian Army offers almost the only career open to the ambition of five-sixths of the poor gentry of the country, and armies do not like these theories about reduction, and these tendencies towards perpetual brotherhood. Promotion, glory, all the inducements, in fact, to men to enter its ranks, are stifled by the rust and corrosion induced by peace and theories of peace. And Russia has too long and too lately been a growing and an expanding power to make the notion welcome that it will in future rest on its oars and try to grow rich and lazy.

So far as we can see, no officials or public men in Russia of any weight have backed up the Emperor's appeal, nor has the Press supported it with any real warmth. On the contrary, while the Emperor has been writing an address that might have been penned by some Bishop of Hereford, and sent to the patient and long-suffering clergy and the pious laymen who are lucky enough to live in that most fortunate of dioceses, the general staff of the Russian Army has been working in a very different direction. It has

lately increased the Russian Army by two army corps, and has spent, and is about to spend, a great many millions upon arming its men with a new and costly weapon; while those responsible for the Russian fleet have laid down a scheme of ship-building which is quite portentous, and which has been supplemented by an additional expenditure on the so-called Volunteer Fleet.

Assuredly, the spectacle is not an edifying one, and no wonder that it should in many quarters have been treated as an exhibition of audacious cynicism. As a witty Irish judge said to me a few days ago, "It is very much like a perverted teetotal chairman addressing a dinner of the League, while the waiters are engaged in filling every man's glass up with whiskey." No wonder that Tolstol, the weird prophet who has given us so many grim pictures of Russia as it is, should, at a recent interview with the Tsar, have plainly and directly told him that if he meant business by his Rescript, he had better set an example of disarmament to the other nations, instead of preaching peace himself while his Government was engaged in enlarging the sphere and multiplying the weapons of war. How much better and clearer Tolstol's attitude seems than that of our agitators, to those among us who have not been trained to believe in phrases instead of facts, and who turn to the man of courage and conviction when we want a leader, and not to the man of vain words usually called clap-trap!

The Emperor's appeal to faith without works is, in fact, more suited to the pulpit of some latter-day Puritan than to the political rostrum, and is naturally full of ambiguity.

If the attitude of the Host at the coming symposium is ambiguous, what about that of the expected guests? We need not discuss all of them. The small Powers and the virtually bank-

rupt States are of no account in such controversies, and it is indifferent what attitude they adopt. The real factors in the problem are the strong and solvent nations. The attitude of these is quite undisguised and plain. They have sent civil answers to the Emperor's invitation no doubt—the correspondents of Emperors generally do send civil replies, especially if the Emperor in question can set four millions of armed men in motion—but how do their acts tally with their language? They tally very much as Jacob's hands tallied with his speech, when he was playing the famous trick upon his father.

Take Germany for instance. The Emperor of Germany sent a most paternal greeting as response to his Russian brother's invitation; as full of benevolent peace-making as some headings of old-fashioned copybooks. We all assented to the sympathetic sentiments thus expressed, and some folks thought they meant serious business and not mere philandering with fine words. They have been quickly undeceived. The real answer to the Tsar's letter is not contained in the Emperor William's peaceful platitudes, but in the bill presented to the Reichstag, by which the German army, instead of being reduced, is to be immediately increased by more than twenty-five thousand men. Nor is there any fencing or gush about the War Minister General von Goesler's language in recommending the scheme to the German Parliament. "History taught them," he said, "that the will of the mightiest monarchy was not able to alter the interests of a great nation, or the conditions of its existence. If a nation meant to maintain its independence, it must possess the strength requisite for protecting its interests at any moment. If he looked around him in the world, he found that nowhere had there been a cessation of prepara-

tions for war." This is plain, soldierly prose, and, what is more, we know perfectly well that it represents the real policy of Germany, whatever pretty things may be said in letters "to our august brother." Herr Bebel, we are told, the leader of the Socialist party in the Reichstag, pointed out that it was a mockery of the views expounded in the Tsar's manifesto to express to the Russian Government sympathy with the proposal, and at the same time to introduce the new Army Bill. So it most plainly is, and yet the courtly sycophants who form such a large proportion of the Reichstag met the homely thrusts of the Socialistic deputy with storms of protest. The storm really meant that the majority of the Reichstag believed in the wisdom and prudence of the Minister, and treated the reply of the Emperor as mere diplomatic equivocation which it was not prudent to converge too much light upon.

The Times correspondent at Berlin quotes in addition a really amusing speech made in the debate by one of the most feudal of the Junker deputies—namely, Baron Von Stumm:

He had a theory of his own [he said] as to the best attitude of Germany in view of the Tsar's Irenicon. He did not think that the initiative of the Tsar would lead to any numerical reduction in the armed strength of Europe. But, supposing that it were to do so, and that ten per cent., say, were to be struck off the peace establishment and off the armaments of all the Powers. In prospect of such a decision the best thing Germany could do was surely to pass this Bill (i.e. the Bill increasing the army) without delay, for, as he triumphantly pointed out, "it is clear that that country will fare best which has made most progress in its military preparations."

The House, we are told, laughed heartily, and well it might. It is clear that the scholars of the Man of Blood

and Iron in the art of undisguised effrontery in politics are not likely to become extinct just yet.

If we turn from Germany to Austria, we meet with the same worldly wisdom in her acts combined with soft phrases on her lips. In the Vienna military paper, the *Reichswehr*, certain articles have appeared showing how necessary it is that she should follow the example of Germany and Russia and increase instead of diminishing her armed forces. It is worth while quoting the moral drawn by this professional paper, which has great influence in the Dual Monarchy, on the two simultaneous tunes which its powerful neighbors are engaged in playing, one addressed to our agitators and their hysterical following, and the other based upon the grim necessities of worldly prudence:

The German Army Bill [we are told in the Times report], the first reading of which has thoroughly dissipated whatever expectations may have been based on the coming disarmament conference, must be regarded in Austria as a reminder that the relative proportions of the armed forces of the Powers are about to undergo a further change to the disadvantage of the Dual Monarchy, and that the backward condition of our army compared with that of Germany will be further emphasized. The new German Army Bill, which is sure to be adopted, can have no other effect on this country than to force the Monarchy, in spite of peace conferences and the claims of economy, to set about the formation of a sixteenth *corps d'armée* at Brünn, and the rearmament and reorganization of our field artillery. For, as General von Gösler declared, and as history teaches, when a people fails to maintain an army proportionate to the extent of its territory, it renounces the position which it has been destined to occupy.

So much for Austria; now for France. Here, again, we have the same, or even a still more marked, con-

trast between the effusive and, in fact, rather humiliating phrases in which the proposals in the Tsar's memorandum were officially accepted and the grim figures of the Budget—the real test of the sincerity of the whole proceeding.

Nothing can be more plain to anyone who has read the French papers than the feeling of mortification and almost despair with which the Tsar's pietistic appeal was received. To Russia's French ally the words had, no doubt, an air of mockery about them. France ever since 1870 had been writhing under the not ignoble feelings which a proud and sensitive nation must suffer from when it has received a crushing blow in which its prestige and fame have been damaged, and its position among the nations greatly altered for the worse.

With heroic fortitude she has borne the most terrible loads of taxation, and made superhuman sacrifices to put her army in order, and to make it a very formidable weapon. She had also made very considerable sacrifices and concessions of dignity and of self-respect in order to secure and maintain at least one powerful ally, and has turned her back on many of her old traditions and on her time-worn policy, in order to cement the friendship. She has done all this for very definite reasons, and with a very clear purpose in view. She wants, if not to recover her provinces, to recover her prestige, to win some great victory, and in some way or other to efface the dismal memory from her soul. The alliance of the Cossack and the Zouave was, in French imagination, going to restore France to her old position in some undefined way, perhaps by a *revanche* on the Rhine; perhaps by a common blow against the English in Egypt. Thus dreamt the *quidnucs* of the Boulevards.

In the midst of all these hopes comes this extraordinary invitation of the

Tsar; not a word was said in it about undoing the cruel facts of recent years. Bygones were apparently to be bygones. The *status quo* was to be maintained, and the lion and the lamb were to browse together on the Rhine and the Nile. All these tremendous sacrifices, extending over a quarter of a century, coming from the most economical and saving peasantry in Europe, were to go for nothing, were, in fact, to be reversed and undone. No wonder that a cry of pain should have greeted the pious invitation of the Tsar. The Government no doubt accepted the invitation, but the Foreign Secretary, M. Delcassé, is now at great pains to explain that it was only accepted very conditionally. Meanwhile, ominous references to the country having been befooled by the wily Cossack have appeared in more than one influential French paper. It has been said, in fact, not by English, but by French journalists, that the Russian alliance is a very one-sided one, and that while France has been called upon to make continual sacrifices to maintain it, and to keep alive her frigid hopes by a good deal of effort, it has appeared more and more that on the Russian side there is only a desire to drain the contents of French purses, and to use the alliance for the advancement of Russian financial and other interests. From no quarter, so far as I know, except from two or three Socialists, has a voice been raised in France in fervid praise or welcome of the new gospel. On the contrary, there is an almost universal clamor for more ships and more protected harbors, while the new Budget reflects the prevailing sentiment.

If we turn from the Old World to the New, we have the same unfortunate conjunction of Mars and Venus. The Tsar's address has been answered in America by the creation for the first time of a great standing army, by the

deliberate conquest and incorporation of foreign possessions, by an increasing ardor for adventures and for all the martial amusements which form the apprenticeship of nations who are committed to a warlike and aggressive policy.

America, it must be remembered too, is a very good test case. She makes up for a lack of traditions in the past by an irrepressible hope in the future. Her short history is not sophisticated by feudal memories, but she has been until lately the paragon and ensample quoted by the prophets of the Manchester School. She has been quoted as a good, democratic, puritanical community, whose people are devoted to singing pastoral hymns and making money, given up to shop-keeping and manufacturing and other exhilarating but not warlike occupations, the very ideal which the Peace Society had once in view, and having no part or sympathy with boot and spur and drum and trumpet and bloodshed and conquest,—the sort of country which my old and kind and delightful friend, the member for Cocker-mouth, dreams of when he thinks of Paradise.

Yet what happens? At the very crisis of the Cause, when the great Autocrat of All the Russias bids people stay their hand and turn to better things, bids them convert their swords, if not into pruning hooks, into American sewing-machines and cycles, we have every American striving his hardest to become a major or a colonel, and declaring that it is quite time America should have some fighting on a great scale as every other respectable nation has had, at least since the sword of Gideon fleshed itself in the unspeakable Canaanite.

It is not only the Great Powers, the smaller ones are following suit, and Sweden has sounded a note of alarm and of warning on the same subject

which is by no means of hopeful augury.

This being the attitude of foreign nations, what has been our own? We who have a larger portion of the human race under our control than probably any other Power, who have more multifarious interests in every climate, who claim to be rightly or wrongly the guardians and the messengers of civilization in every part of the world, we who are envied for our prosperity and our wealth—what has been our own response? We also sent an effusive letter to the Tsar, but is it not true that meanwhile we are building more and finer ships than we ever built before? Are we not increasing our artillery and seeing to the increased efficiency of our army in every respect, and are not we annually spending more upon our forces? Are we not doing this with the concurrence of all parties? Were not Lord Spencer and Mr. Robertson, much to their credit, no less active in the work, a short time since, than Mr. Goschen and Mr. Macartney are now?

Everywhere, therefore, there is a movement in the direction of increased armaments at the very time when everybody is belauding the Tsar's Rescript and replying in sympathetic terms to his invitation.

Was ever a banquet so generously furnished with guests who are playing a double part? Every one of them is, by turns, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. How is this to be accounted for? Is it because there is one of these nations which is content to bear this terrible armed peace, and is not anxious to lay down at least a part of its load? Not at all. They all are anxious for that; but like a poor man when he pays cruelly heavy premiums for insuring his life and property, they feel that at whatever hazard, with so many dangers about and so many valuable things to guard, the most economical

thing they can do is to increasingly insure themselves: that until the danger is past and the threat of foul weather gone by, their sails must be reefed and their decks must be clear, and their powder must be dry at whatever cost.

This being so, is it likely that any one of the nations will submit to having such a question as the amount and character of its army and navy decided for it by any other Power or by any conference of Powers, or that, if it gave such an undertaking, it would be honestly kept? What a premium it would offer to all kinds of public chicanery, deceit, and surreptitious dishonesty! What a bagful of quarrels and wars it suggests as the outcome of continual misunderstandings! The whole suggestion is really not in unison with mundane politics at all, but with those of some fairy-land.

Hitherto we have discussed the general principle only; let us now look at some matters of detail not less important. The proposal of the Tsar does not go the length of suggesting a reduction of armaments, but only a pause, a halt in their increase. This may suit the particular conditions and necessities of Russia, whose needs and policy may be dominated by financial considerations and otherwise; but how about the other nations? Some of them are rich, and some of them are very poor. The rich ones are only partially inconvenienced by the burden which these armaments impose upon them, and among them the very richest bear their burden well enough; but to the poorer nations, such as Spain, Italy, Turkey, etc., it is a mere mockery to ask them to take counsel how they are to stop the increase of armies and navies. It is the actual load on their backs at this moment which is squeezing the life out of them, and which they find it intolerable to bear. What they are anxious about is to see the armaments reduced, and not

merely to beat time while their bigger and expanding neighbors recover their breath, and give the signal for a fresh race; and why should breathing-time be given at all? The fact is that the poor nations have no business whatever to compete in the terrible contest any more than poor men ought to gamble, or to try and compete in extravagance with the very rich. The competition is necessarily one of purses and of the lasting out of resources. I have been taken to task as if I were saying something vulgar and sordid in this, but it is plain prose. The expense of modern war is what makes it a luxury, and the poorer nations who cannot afford it should desist from the competition. They are in comparatively little danger. Actual aggression and conquest of each other by the European communities is not a probable event. As for the richer and more solvent nations, there is only one possible sound rule. Each one of them in regard to its armaments must cut its coat according to its cloth. It is unlikely that in any of them the actual expenditure on armaments will be largely in excess of what is deemed an adequate insurance against threatening dangers. None of us like to pay these premiums. We all feel we are spending money upon them which might be much better spent on other matters if we could afford it. But we insist upon being safe, and in making our safety depend upon the strength of our own right arm and the temper of our weapons and the quality of our armor, and not upon the good-will and complaisance of others. In the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of Archbishop Scrope, we would say:

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,

Have put us in these ill-beseeming
arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
"Henry IV." Part II. act IV. scene I.

These are noble words, and it was pleasant not many days ago to notice the same true ring of courageous good sense and patriotism in the pronouncement of the eloquent Archbishop of Armagh.

We have shown the unwillingness of the nations to enter into self-denying engagements in regard to their armaments, as evidenced by the way in which they have supplemented their friendly greetings to the Tsar with a notable addition to their armies. They have thus shown that while they want to be civil, they cannot accede to his request. A greater difficulty remains, however, than the good or ill intentions of the parties concerned—namely, the actual impracticability and unworkableness of the plan. When it was first proposed, it was thought that a mere stoppage of the increase in the numerical strength of the armies would meet the case, and a prominent London evening paper urged this view; but the number of men under arms is no test of the fighting strength of a people. Long service and short service are essential elements in the calculation. A nation by the process of passing a certain proportion of men through the ranks rapidly may so multiply its fighting strength, as compared with an army recruited on long-service conditions, that its trained men will be doubled or trebled, although at any moment there may be fewer men actually under arms. This was the way in which the Prussians turned the flank of Napoleon's decree after the collapse at Jena, and which enabled them presently to train a very large company compared with those on the actual muster rolls.

Again, there is the distinction between the active army and the territorial army and reserves, and in England the difference between the regulars and the yeomanry, militia and volunteers. Is the self-denying ordinance to extend to all these, as well as to the army actually in the barracks, and how is this to be managed?

Again, the army of a country like England cannot be compared in any way with a foreign army in regard to its actual numbers. It has not merely to find a fitting, or shall we rather say a very inadequate, force for the actual protection of our islands, but to garrison our colonies and to police and protect India. The army of Germany is a weapon ready at any moment to be thrown on the frontiers of its nearest foe in its full strength. What we could use in this fashion is a mere tithe of our forces. Under the stress of some quarrel or aggression, we should have to very largely increase our land forces before we had succeeded in making them a comparable weapon to those of other nations, as measured by our relative population and resources. France is partially tied in the same way. She also has a colonial army.

Again, we have merely considered the *personnel*, the men; but what about their armature? Fuzzy-wuzzy has proved himself on more than one occasion quite a match for Englishmen man for man, both in courage and in fighting capacity, but he has also shown us at Omdurman the futility of setting brave men armed with spears to face Remington rifles.

The fighting effectiveness of an army depends largely on its weapons and administrative completeness. A million Chinamen in the field would be a mere helpless mob, and a million men in Europe, however brave and courageous, when armed with obsolete weapons

would be helpless against half their number when better armed.

No finer army was probably ever brought together than that which fought at Sadowa under Benedek. But it could not compete with the Prussian forces armed with the needle-gun any more than Admiral Cervera with his sailors (and Spaniards are both brave and good sailors) could compete against the Americans, or the brave and reckless Dervishes could compete against our black and white boys in the Soudan. This is all a truism. What I mean to infer from it is that whatever engagements are entered into about the number of the men would be useless unless it were provided that their weapons should remain the same; and what nation is going to give an undertaking on such a point, and to invite a complete paralysis of invention and development in its weapons, in its fortifications, in its explosives, in everything, in fact, which constitutes the actual machinery of war? Russia is now completing the re-arming of her infantry at a tremendous cost. Germany and France have been revolutionizing their artillery by the introduction of a quick-firing gun. With us every ship is a new experiment, and involves a new advance and an increase of fighting capacity. All this costs a tremendous lot of money, and the cost seems to grow by leaps and bounds. How is it possible for the poorer nations to follow suit? On the other hand, and what is more important, how is it possible for a nation which feels its responsibilities, and realizes that it has to carry on its shoulders a great load in the shape of the lives and interests of three hundred millions of people, to sit like a frozen-out gardener and beat time while the world is moving on,—and especially a country like ours, with an inventive genius of the first quality?

And if it would or could, how could

the nations trust each other to keep faith in such a matter? Of course our irresponsible pulpit and platform agitators would have no difficulty about it, any more than the three benevolent Quakers had when they came back from paying their visit to Nicholas the First. They are always ready to trust the integrity and honor of Russian statesmen and to be suspicious of the motives of English ones. That is an easy method, even if it involves an ignoble attitude; but "we are not all of us made that way," to use a forcible colloquialism. Some of us prefer to turn for our lessons, not to the peripatetic platform orators who are going about the country beating a very noisy because an empty drum, but to the "Memoirs of Prince Bismarck," who has let us into a good many secrets. He has taught us no lesson more valuable than that there is as much high morality and sensitive regard for right in the methods of Continental diplomacy and statecraft as there is union of hearts between the shreds of the Parnellite and those of the Gladstonian party.

The undertakings of foreign statesmen as measured by Prince Bismarck's standards are poor reeds to lean against, but the statements in their Budgets are worse. No documents, as has been proved over and over again, are more illusory and misleading. They are carefully drawn up, very much as the prospectuses of many new companies in this country are, to angle for and to catch investors, and not to illuminate searchers after truth. This reminds me of another pitfall.

The fighting strength of a nation is not exhausted when we have enumerated its men and described their armature, the making of railways and of roads, the building of harbors and of fortresses, etc. These are, in many cases, merely military ventures. Among the recent railways made by

Russia are several strategic lines. She is perfectly justified in making them. She would be neglecting her first duty to her subjects if she failed to make them, if she, in fact, failed to make all her resources available, so that she should not be overtaken by such a mishap and such a terrible drain upon her life's blood as occurred in consequence of her having had no railway to Sebastopol in the time of the Crimean war, and similar railways into the Caucasus and to Turkestan. I do not question for a moment the propriety of her making these lines. What I do say, however, is that they are largely military lines, while the expenditure upon them would appear in the Budget as a civil expenditure; and so with many other items. It is, further, the constant practice of foreign Governments to transfer items of expenditure from one heading to another.

The fact is, I know of no Budget in which there is an absolute equation between Estimates and Expenditure, except our own. Here alone do we have a continuous and vigilant overhauling of the public accounts in such a way as to make transfers and alterations impossible or very difficult. There would, therefore, be no way of verifying the statements of our rivals. What a chance for every imitator of Prince Bismarck's avowedly unprincipled policy would thus be afforded, what jealousies, what discussions, what incipient wars! The last state would indeed, in such a case, be worse than the first.

If chicanery, again, were discovered, how would it be punished?—what remedy would avail? What would, in fact, happen if one or two nations were found to have largely increased their

military resources, while the rest were indulging in arcadian dreams—while England, for instance, was dancing to the piping of her Nonconformist prophets? Would our Evangelists of Peace all enlist and march to punish the wrongdoer, as they proposed we should march against a Concert of Europe in order to save the Armenians from being persecuted by the Turks, or would they sing some fresh hymn as harsh and tuneless and ridiculous as those they are singing to-day?

The trouble is that all this bastard enthusiasm among a very limited and very largely senseless class in this country may be mistaken by Nicholas the Third, as a similar movement was mistaken by Nicholas the First, for the voice of the English people and of responsible English statesmen. We who live in England know that this kind of thing is always with us. Like the cholera in Bengal, it can always be studied in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons, when fantastic and furious orators gather round them sometimes ribald and sometimes gushing audiences, while they disclose all the mysteries of the universe, and discourse on its shortcomings. They are quite harmless to us because we can measure their authority; nor is it altogether a thing to be entirely deprecated that the politicians of the pavement should declaim against the blots and stains upon our social life, even if they are incurable. We all feel younger and more hopeful than we sometimes look. The only thing to guard against is that august foreigners should not mistake our real purpose because we have so many ingenious people among us. "*Plus apud nos vera ratio valeat quam vulgi opinio,*" said a wiser man than most of us.

Henry H. Hawcorth.

WHAT IS CARICATURE? *

III.

There is something in M. Forain both of the detective and of the surgeon. He should have Roentgen rays in his eyes to discern, as he does, under a mass of flesh and of garments, the special band in the gearing which determines an attitude; while the reproduction of it, in India ink upon white paper, without the comfort of a first sketch or the slightest hope of re-touching, demands a magical dexterity. Everything tells, and there must not be one drop too much of ink. Accordingly, before tracing his line, the artist sweeps his brush back and forth above the paper, without touching it at all, as though he were making magnetic passes. Then the brush pauses, and the artist deposits, first a broad sweep, and the figure rounds out; afterward, a single line drawn with a fine point. Then he gets up, and there remains upon the paper the back of a hero. The one line is the shoulder-line:—the strongest, the most vital, the most significant line that M. Forain ever draws. Usually this is the only line which he makes continuous, curving and supple. After this, we have only straight bars following or crossing one another seemingly at hap-hazard,—lines scattered about like spillikens. Even circles are expressed by a series of short, straight lines, as may be seen whenever M. Forain condescends to draw a band-box. The human countenance is also given by vivid touches and angles sharp as those of silice crystals. The mouth is done with a single slash, and sometimes a curl at the corner. The ear is all in the roll at the top; the hands are

suggested by quadrilaterals. Another sweep of the brush, and we have the lining of a long garment, and the edge of a streaming overcoat. A ladder of little commas along the side of the overcoat and the trousers stands for shadows. As for accessories,—the vanishing line of a plinth, the corner of a table, three flowers on a piece of tapestry, or the end of a balcony will do. A little shading must be added. The magnetic passes recommence, and presently we see falling, here and there, an oblique line of cross-hatching. The subordinate figures are picked out by means of shadows. One is reminded of the Chinese poem:

The brush charged with ink is a black cloud heavy with rain.
The agile hand seems to pursue the lines of its own tracing.

Nevertheless, the artist has realized in twenty seconds a figure over which he has pondered for twenty years.

And this figure is, presumably, the type of our generation. A worse one it would be difficult to imagine. It is essentially feeble; the shoulders are round, the arms pendant, the knees unsteady. The moustaches droop, the very overcoats make faces at being obliged to clothe such ill-proportioned frames and ineffectual arms. And the words these people speak are worse than the things they do. They are neither eager, nor gay, nor hateful, nor terrible, nor even astonished at what they see. They are simply neutral and flabby. They belong to that great party of *Indifferentists* which, in the break-up of all the rest, receives constantly the largest number of recruits, and threatens to become the National party. They perceive crime without indignation; they exhaust pleasure

* Translated for The Living Age.

without enjoyment; they reveal their cynicism without professing it. They are not particularly disturbed when "bad times" come, their view being that life is not a bad thing, but a totally uninteresting one. They have a low expression when they smile. The "great" among them have passed nights in taverns, and slept upon baccarat tables, and their hair has grown thin and dry in the high temperature under the chandeliers . . . They have usually travelled, they know something of Bayreuth—and a little of Mazas. They are inert and effeminate. It is always "their bad year." The whip-lash of criticism has no power to rouse them. They are not concerned about depopulation, or the "Anglo-Saxon danger," or the proletariat, or anything else. They will by no means go to the colonies. It is not a sure thing. The intellect is never with these beings the dupe of the heart. They have no heart, and it is M. Forain who has the intellect.

But here come the subjects of M. Caran d'Ache. There is a flourish of trumpets, and quite another France comes upon the stage. These are brisk and lively folk;—clean and plump. They either laugh all the time or they get angry at nothing. They roll their eyes angrily under the most benign conditions, while, on the other hand, they are undisturbed by the most outrageous adventures. They are gabblers and gobblers; great beaters of record; and showy supernumeraries, gluttons, with muscles of twice the natural size and an enormous swallow. They find life good, prodigious, amusing, multi-form. They sing in the desert, and are equally moved to tears by the death of an "infant martyr" and the restoration to life of an uncle with money to leave. They cannot conceal their impressions. If they read a tale calculated to make the "hair stand on end," theirs does so stand,—to that extent

that three successive hair-dressings would not avail to keep it down. They are as demonstrative as the clients of M. Forain are secretive. They all behave like *Félibres*. They "treat" the Russian sailors, and give back the pocket-books they find in cabs. They are the people who crowd the bridges to see a dead dog floating by, or impede the march of a regiment, quite forgetful of the telegram which is becoming outlawed in their pockets, or the hot pie which is growing cold in their hats. When the creations of M. Forain encounter in life the creations of M. Caran d'Ache, they always get the better of them, but the cheaters remain sad, while the cheated are gay. We say to ourselves that there are, after all, a few people left in France who are not knowing, but simple hearted; and that their good feeling will save us from the wit of the others. Their gaiety is, at all events, an immense consolation.

For M. Forain was born to make us melancholy. He has the eye of the basilisk,—the evil eye; everything which he looks upon withers. A vision rises before us of one of the beautiful and wonderful landscapes of M. Puvis de Chavannes, entitled *A Pleasant Country*. The scene is on the sea shore. There are a few trees with slender trunks and heavy leafage. Women are stretched about, resting after the labors of the harvest, watching the men who are coming back from fishing, or the sails on the far horizon. The women have gathered the fruit that ripened beneath the blue sky, and the men have taken the fish that swam the blue water. Two children play at wrestling. The baskets are full of fruit, the eyes of dreams, the air of sunshine, and the souls of peace. It is a picture of pious patriotism. But lo, M. Forain appears upon the scene, and all is changed. The women who were chatting so happily begin to abuse one

another about the Panama scandals. The children take to squabbling in good earnest, having entirely incompatible views of the matter in hand. The men fling their nets at the stock-brokers. The sky has turned dark, and a storm is evidently coming up. The boat which represented the ship of state staggers under the great waves that are breaking over the deck, while a dishevelled woman crouches to the figure of a man, crying out, "Will you wait till the ship founders before you even go up on the bridge, Mr. President?" This is the sort of *Pleasant Country* which M. Forain seems to us to have made out of the Pleasant Country of M. Puvis de Chavannes. But, on the other hand, M. Caran d'Ache is so kindly, so merry, so *gemüthlich*, that his very foes become obliging, and his criminals sympathetic. He has created a delicious type of Prussian officer. He is so fond of a uniform that he cherishes and furbishes it to the best of his ability, even on an enemy. Gone now, the bearded Pomeranian or stupid *junker* of the caricaturists of 1870, who burned churches and despoiled mantle-pieces of their vain ornaments. The Prussian of M. Caran d'Ache is elegant, circumspect, polite. If he looks at a French clock, it is with covert alarm lest it should be marking the hour of restitution. So, too, the Cossack of the olden time,—the bushy, greasy, ragged bugbear, devouring suet and candles, the Cossack of Vernet and Grandville and Daumier—only see what M. Caran d'Ache has made of him! He has dropped his hirsute mask, and is transformed into a Love, and not one of those barbaric Loves either, armed with bow and arrow, whom the stragglers of the Grand Army of 1812 knew too well, but a gay and jovial comrade who will illuminate Petersburg, but never, never burn Moscow!

Even his anarchists, his "Pana-

mists," and his confirmed sots, his corrupt old courtiers and singers of indecent songs, his rakes of the camp and the gambling-hell are not exactly repulsive. M. Caran may unite their eyebrows in a circumflex accent, and pull down the corners of their mouths into bridge-arches; he cannot quite succeed in making them terrible. They are simply sulky marionettes, Punch and Judy in a bad humor,—bilious puppets. Nobody but Don Quixote would ever dream of drawing his sword and falling upon them; and nothing but bran would be shed if they were wounded.

But while he pursues a purely partisan purpose and offers up foreigners, intruders, and cosmopolitans generally to the mirth of his compatriots, M. Caran d'Ache employs methods which are as cosmopolitan as you please. It is the caricaturists from beyond the Rhine who have afforded him his best subjects, and if he pokes fun at the Americans, he borrows their formulas to do it. We have but to compare certain drawings—as, for instance, M. Caran's fleet of European bridegrooms arriving in America (*Lundis du Figaro*, 1898)—with Mr. Dana Gibson's cartoon, *Cheer up Girls! They are coming* (*Pictures of the People*, 1896) to see how strong an affinity exists between the conceptions of the American draughtsman and those of the determined foe of foreign alliances. In saying this, we do not detract in the least from the merit of M. Caran d'Ache, whose joyous personality transforms everything that he adopts, and gives more to the foreigner, always, than he takes from him; but it is evident that it is a great deal easier in these days to attack cosmopolitanism than to escape it. You may take issue with your time in the thought you express, but your time has you again in your manner of expression.

Our caricaturist's mind is, however, less Parisian than his pencil. The pen of M. Caran d'Ache, so delightfully light in drawing, is distinctly heavy in writing. When he attempts to explain he complicates. He puts notes to his explanations and adds a commentary to his notes, multiplying his parentheses, and unrolling from the lips of his people scrolls the like of which have not been seen since the days of Fra Angelico. If he had used no words, all would have been clear enough. For he puts into his accessories minute yet significant details, which add infinitely to the meaning of his design, and lure the observer to the childish but amusing pastime of guessing.

It is just here that we perceive most clearly the difference between our two great caricaturists. M. Forain's sketches need mottoes, because they are much more artistic than ideagraphic. M. Caran d'Ache's hardly need them at all, because they are ideagraphic above everything. On the other hand, since the latter say of themselves almost all that they mean, it becomes doubly necessary that the speeches attached to them should be exactly appropriate. The text is as closely bound to the drawing as the soul to the body. But with M. Forain the case is quite different. If all his bodies,—that is to say, his drawings—were thrown promiscuously into one bag, and all his souls,—that is to say, his "legends" into another, the devil himself would be unable to fit them together. What M. Forain makes his people say bears no relation to what he makes them do. In fact, he does not make them do anything. Their gestures are no index to their sentiments. They usually emit their philosophical reflections on love, or money, in the act of tying their cravats. But they might say something quite different while tying the same kind of a knot.

The lines express form, not thought. A single one sometimes suffices to suggest the entire anatomy and muscular development of a "book-maker." If it were necessary to telegraph a drawing in the smallest number of lines, M. Forain would be the person to go to; which is only another way of saying that he works by form rather than by thought; by bodies rather than souls. He has realized the dream of Hou-kou Sal, "Could I have a thousand years reduced to a single point, they would all live." Yea, but they would not speak.

With M. Caran d'Ache, on the contrary, everything speaks. His characters gesticulate like deaf-mutes. Their hands are amazingly eloquent. They repulse, accept, threaten, caress, are amazed, scandalized, scornful. The single dot under the eyebrow that represents the eye, conveys every variety of impression. We understand the motto before it is written; for action is expressed mainly by the hands, and feeling by the eyes. M. Forain draws neither hands nor eyes. His hands are riddles. Those which have five fingers are the rare exception, and if separated from the body to which they belong, they would not be recognized as hands. As for the eyes, they are rendered by a vague dash under the eyebrows, or not at all. Often the face is entirely wanting, buried in the collar of a coat, or completely effaced in shadow. It is not that he cannot be more explicit; he does not deign to be so. He has no more psychology in his drawing than the merest impressionist.

An impressionist he was at one time, but from that school,—"which leads to everything, provided only one gets out of it,"—he has definitively issued. He has kept what was good to keep,—the cross-hatching, the light, rapid touches which give life and relief to a silhouette. He breaks up a line as his comrades resolve into its ele-

ments a compound color. Hence a fire, a movement, which cannot possibly be gotten out of long, unbroken lines. Even when his lines are strictly consecutive, he takes care not to have them touch. Light shines between them and relieves their monotony. M. Caran d'Ache, on the contrary, has borrowed nothing from the Impressionists. If he belongs to any school, it is a classic one. His lines are long, continuous, "serpentine," as Hogarth advised; and sometimes too serpentine. Every form is defined, every gesture complete. His lines are those of a comic Ingres, and there is nothing about him that suggests the era of MM. Renouard, Renoir, Callebotte and Degas.

Yet the two artists are alike in this,—that they have reduced to a minimum the signs requisite to express, in the one case simple attitudes, in the other complex gestures. They are *virtuosi* of synthesis and masters of *suggestivity*. From the point of view of high art, we are indebted to them for having brought synthesis back into favor and restored the dignity of the line. Of course, it may be urged that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as a line in Nature. The infinite succession of planes renders every line a false one. In reality there are only points. To unite them is as arbitrary a thing as to unite specific ideas into a general idea. To suppress what lies on either side of the line is to suppress a portion of the truth. It is like the suppression of detail in any synthesis. Yet if no one point is correct, the *ensemble* is true; and if the line be inexact in detail, we must remember that nothing but a line can ever convey the idea of motion,—that is to say, of life. Now Nature is alive; and there is nothing so like life as life itself.

The point is analysis; the line is synthesis. The triumph of analysis in philosophy corresponds with that of

stippling in painting. It was a good thing to restore the line to its great and manifold office. For the synthetic stroke has a double savor: a savor of revelation, in that it discloses something which we had not seen; and a savor of enigma, in that it suppresses a host of things which we have to divine. What it does not display, it suggests. By effacing the superfluous it brings out the main idea, and leaves us to conjecture the rest. It resumes and presumes. The best drawings, both of M. Forain and M. Caran d'Ache, show us this two-fold effect of synthesis carried to the highest point.

IV.

From the point of view which we have now attained, what shall we define caricature to be, and how shall we determine its function in contemporary life? Is it true that it is the art of exciting laughter, and by this means of completely discrediting the objects ridiculed?

If this were so, it would be needful that caricature should first of all make us laugh. But the best caricatures of all have no such aim and no such effect. Who could laugh at Grandville's *Order Reigns at Warsaw?* or at the corpses in Daumier's *Rue Transnonain?* What is there laughable in the figure of the *Old Anonyma* of Gavarni, who says as she takes an alms from a passer-by, "God keep your sons from my daughters!" or about the remark of Cham's Parisian to his little boy during the bombardment, "These are the last rockets of the 15th of August." If two miners' children during the strike at Carmaux stop before a baker's window, pale and haggard, but overjoyed at the sight of two loaves, and if M. Forain writes over the shop door *Old Curiosity Shop*, does he do it to make us laugh? And if the superintendent of a hos-

pital, who has just been visited by an inspector but *not* decorated, bursts into a fit of rage and shakes his clenched fist at an old man in his agony, shouting out, "You moribund old idiot, with your rosaries and your scapularies,—you have lost me my Cross of the Legion!" do we find anything more laughable in the scene than Venice found in the severed head of Marino Faliero?

Is there anything in the whole range of English art any more tragic than the celebrated cartoon of John Leech, *Gen. Fevrier turned Traitor*, which appeared in *Punch* on February 10th, 1855, after the news had come of the death of the Emperor Nicholas? Who can forget the atrocious irony of that wood-cut, which was quite worthy of Holbein. The Crimean war was in progress, and the Russian troops were getting the worst of it. "Patience," said Nicholas, "Russia's two best generals have not yet taken the field." "And who are they, sire?" "General Janvier and General Fevrier." The war dragged on; in the first days of February the Czar died, and this is what we see in *Punch*: A skeleton in helmet, breastplate, and the boots of a Russian general, steals, in a swirl of snow, into the chamber of a sick man, and lays a bony hand upon the breast of the prostrate emperor, and the legend below is, *Gen. Fevrier turned Traitor*. The profound impression produced in England can only be compared with that made by Hood's "Song of the Shirt." But what was there to laugh at?

Passing now to individual caricature,—what can be more suggestive, but at the same time what can be sadder, than to drag out of the property-cup-board, one after another, the various masks worn by a great statesman during a long career—as M. Spielman has done for Gladstone and Disraeli in his *History of Punch*, and as M. Grand-

Cartaret has done for Bismarck and for Wagner in the works which he has devoted to them? As we follow the caricatures in their chronological order, we behold the masks becoming ever more dry, sardonic, wrinkled and distorted. Age is at work in collaboration with the pencil, tracing those lines upon the countenance which no correction can efface. It is thus that we behold Bismarck growing old amid his transformations. He is by turns Ægisthus, an old clo' man, a chimney-sweep, Gessler, a veterinary surgeon, a Cossack, a cat, an opera-dancer, a Cupid with Psyche, a waiter in a restaurant, a Deus Terminus, a champagne-bottle, a Fate, a mountebank at a fair, the statue of a general, a moon, a Jesuit, a cook, a butler, a grocer, a dog, a juggler, a rope-dancer, an angel, a train-wrecker, a shepherd. And then, alas! come the pilot getting his dismissal, the watch-dog being hunted off the premises, the shop-keeper putting up his shutters, a Napoleon musing at Saint Helena,—a giant whose day is done, stumbling back to his domicile, club in hand. We have also Faust's Marguerite in the garden of the Triple Alliance, pulling to pieces a daisy, whose delicate petals take the form of little Krupp guns.

Thus we follow in the papers the successive deformations of the same face, until the day comes when we hear that the great caricatured has succumbed to an apoplexy or some other fatal accident, and,—the portraits are done. There is nothing more to come but the lying-in-state, which will be done by Death himself, the great and unsurpassable caricaturist. The anecdote is told of Disraeli that, wearying at last of the incessant persecution of *Punch*, he consented to preside at a dinner of the staff, had Leech presented to him, and undertook to disarm the artist by his amiability. He talked gaily and freely, remained at

table long after the viands were disposed of, and finally proposed, by way of a joke, the health of an absent friend whom he would call Mr. Punch. Mark Lemon then rose, and returned thanks in the name of the absent friend. The party broke up very late. But all through that evening while Disraeli stayed, the pencil of the caricaturist, Time, was hard at work, drawing on the face of the old statesman lines of irony unsuspected even by Leech. Every moment that passes adds a touch of caricature to the most beautiful face. "Whom the gods love die young."

The really great masters all give us this feeling of sadness. Neither Holbein's *Dance of Death* nor Callot's *Miseries of War*, nor Goya's *Scenes of the Invasion*, nor Gavarni's *Remarks of Thomas Vireloque*, nor M. Forain's *Pleasant Country*, nor Gillray's *Death of Hoche*, where the hero soars heavenward, playing on a lyre in the form of a small guillotine, nor Rowlandson's Bonaparte sitting on a gun carriage and chatting with Death, moves us to laughter. Neither M. Willette in France, nor Mr. Walter Crane in England, nor Mr. Dana Gibson in America, makes anybody laugh. The caricaturists do not amuse us, because the caricaturists were not amused themselves when they set to work. Turn over the biography of any one of these ironical observers of modern life. You find a drama there, but not an inexhaustible source of gaiety. True gaiety belongs to the great idealists, the dreamers of flowery dreams or the creators of furious epics,—just as it used often to be found among the monks. As for those whom their profession constrains to study the world of fashion from the life—it sometimes makes philosophers of them, but it never makes them gay. Gavarni suffered from mortal ennui. "You ask me what I am doing," he writes to a

friend. "In the way of business I am doing *Masks and Faces*, and I am amusing myself by applying the infinitesimal calculus to pure geometry." Daumier had a most melancholy old age. Hogarth died of mortification, Travès in despair, and James Gillray in a mad-house. André Gill also died insane, and Robert Seymour committed suicide.

But if caricature be not the art of laughter, is it then the art of hatred, invective and scorn? Are its finest achievements the result of strong moral or patriotic indignation? Do they spring from the hatred of oppression, injustice, triumphant vice? No, this is not true, either. There was never more patriotic indignation abroad than in 1793—nor worse caricatures. The only good ones called forth by the French Revolution were those of Gillray, who was an entirely disinterested spectator of the struggle, and what is more, an Englishman, a pronounced liberal, and a huge admirer of the conventionalities of David. As for the caricatures of individual patriots, whether in Camille Desmoulins' paper, *The Revolution of France and Brabant* or in the engravings of the terrorist Villeneuve or the works of Palloy, they are beneath contempt, and not a single name of any one of their authors has survived. Hatred never quickens the observation, but rather confuses it, and indignation blunts the point instead of sharpening it. Cham's caricatures of Prussians, in 1870, were excellent, so long as the illusion of victory lasted; but when defeat became irremediable, the man of wit was witty no longer, because he had too much heart.

It is always so with the caricatures which the vanquished draw of the victors, whether it is the French of 1635, who caricature the Imperialist General Gallas beating them in the Low Countries, or the Berliners of

1807 who caricature the French entry into Berlin, or Carl Vernet drawing the Cossacks who paraded about Paris in 1815, or M. Régamey the Emperor William in 1871, the fun is equally poor. The vanquished laugh on the wrong side of the mouth. There is no really good satire without an element of careless good nature. Excitement makes the hand tremble, and the lines go wrong.

Too much earnestness is also injurious. What could be more lamentable in art than the caricatures of Napoleon III. made, after the 4th of September, by the convinced and indignant enemies of the Empire? What poorer and flatter than that collection of pictorial travesties, made by the Emperor himself, which he used to turn over by lamplight at Chiselhurst during the long evenings of his exile, finding who knows what bitter pleasure in reopening the wounds of an irreparable past? On the other hand, the literary caricatures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, so sympathetically drawn by a man who at heart was very fond of his ridiculous hero (M. Caran d'Ache), are more perfect than anything in the world except, perhaps, the caricatures of Mr. Pickwick, whom Dickens, after heaping no end of ridicule upon him, has made us so truly love.

For we do love ridiculous people more than we despise them; and this is the true explanation of certain phenomena of public life which would otherwise be incomprehensible. "In France ridicule kills," is one of the most mendacious proverbs that ever misled public opinion. The truth is that ridicule never killed anybody who was not already dead, or naturally predisposed to suicide. It did not kill Louis Bonaparte in 1848;—though he was more and more mercilessly jeered at than ever man was before him; nor Gambetta in 1876, nor Gen. Boulanger in 1887, when he was represented as pay-

ing a secret visit to Clermont-Ferrand "in a long overcoat, wearing blue spectacles, and affecting a limp." As for the men outside of politics, who have made themselves famous for their extravagancies, it does not appear that ridicule has been fatal even to them; and to some of them, as to the jesters of the sixteenth century, it has even served as a passport and a means of support.

And this is why there is so little objection to ridicule in a democratic country. To have laughed at a man never prevents voting for him. Sympathy is not the daughter of admiration. There are people whose defects we see with startling clearness, and whom we even laugh at, upon occasion, but whom we love warmly, both for their other qualities, and for the very ones which we have ridiculed. There are other men without any obvious weaknesses, who seem impervious to mockery, and the moment a difference with them arises, we detest as much as we admire them. As the shadow grows in length as the statue becomes taller, so our resentment increases in proportion as we get a high idea of a man whom we cannot possibly turn into a laughing-stock. The hatred which cannot explode in laughter becomes something much worse in action. If we could have laughed we should have been disarmed.

Some great personages have felt this, —and have never been hard upon the caricaturists. Louis Philippe was one of these, and Bismarck was another; the one, through his good nature; the other, through his astuteness. There is a pretty story told of the "king of the French" and a little boy whom he had found trying to draw a *pear* on the park wall at Neuilly. The king was passing without an escort, and the small artist was putting his whole soul into his act of high treason. But the length of the child's arm was not equal

to his good will, and he was crying because he could not finish to his satisfaction the top of the delicious fruit. Accordingly, the king took compassion on him, finished the pear with his own hand, and gave the little caricaturist a ten-sou piece, saying, "There's another pear in that!" So good was the heart of the pliriform and constitutional king! Prince Bismarck, too, was often immensely amused by the "skits" upon himself. They did him so little harm! He was, for half a century, the main target for all the caricaturists in the world. In 1890 M. Grand-Cartaret filled a volume with the most famous of these jibes, and there is material for several more to-day. But how much execution has been done by these thousands of projectiles? When we see how easily the giant of Friedrichsruhe shook off these little jeers, we are reminded of Gargantua at the siege of the Castle of Véde, combing the cannon-balls out of his hair. Never was the impotence of caricature more triumphantly demonstrated.

It must be confessed, however, that all the great subjects of caricature have not displayed the same nonchalance; and their anger has helped to cherish among the caricaturists a strong belief in the efficacy of their weapon. Louis XIV. was so sensitive that he burned alive, not alone the Dutch and other Protestant caricaturists who attacked him, but even those who undertook his defence. He was not to be defended by baboons. This is the kind of sovereign who will have no small and ugly men in his body-guard. George II. always execrated Hogarth for his cartoon of *The March to Finchley*, where the king's army was indeed somewhat disrespectfully handled. The present Emperor of Germany has often been deeply exasperated by Punch. One day in 1892 he closed the doors of the palaces, both of Berlin and Potsdam, upon the English

satirist who had been a guest there for forty years. This was in consequence of a caricature by Mr. Linley-Sambourne; and the Empress Frederic, Prince Henry, and all the royal princes followed his lead, and in their turn ignominiously dismissed the buffoon. But the jester had his revenge. He immediately drew the Emperor as an ill-conditioned little boy howling amid his drums and tin soldiers:

Take the nasty Punch away,
I won't have any Punch to-day!

The child's wrath was soon spent, and he wanted his Punch back again, but to save appearances he had it come from London weekly in an official envelope, which he opened with his own imperial hands, and then thrust the dangerous libel into a hole in his library where nobody would be likely to look for it. The Mikado of Japan was even more ticklish. He had been amused by the drawings of Kio-Sai, so he summoned the caricaturist into his presence, and was rash enough to order a "charge" or skit, upon himself. Kio-Sai sat down and gravely produced a picture of his sovereign receiving chastisement at the hands of an ambassador from one of the European powers. He was immediately put in prison.

But these gusts of wrath do not in themselves prove that caricature plays the great part in politics which is sometimes assigned to it. They illustrate the spitefulness of the victims rather than the efficacy of the weapon. The caricatured thought they were wounded when they were not really so, like Tolstol's soldier at the siege of Sebastopol who was stunned by a stone which hit him on the head, and when he came to himself, thought he was dead, when he was not even wounded. He is safe and sound, while the comrade who had been conscious of nothing but a slight shock in the

pit of the stomach, and who thought he had escaped, reels, tumbles, and all is over. In fact, it may be safely asserted that from the appearance of the first modern political caricature in 1490, to the present day, the blows of the caricaturist have been absolutely without effect upon a powerful adversary.

It is not quite true as Prévert Paradol once said, that "the invincible though impalpable irony which envelops and slowly undermines the haughtiest powers has now and then served the best causes ever defended in this world, and there have been times, unhappily, when the smile of an honest man was the only form of expression left to the public conscience." So far from irony's being a weapon against the hateful, it is precisely what men most hate,—the "haughty power,"—against which irony is impotent. "There," in the words of the great Napoleon, "it gnaws at granite." The replies of the wolf to the lamb, in *La Fontaine*, are replete with the most delicate irony, but the lamb is eaten all the same, and the burghers are never on the side of the devoured lamb. For the conception, expression and appreciation of an amusing idea, the freedom of mind is needful with which we regard the pseudo-vice and the semblance of oppression, but which vanishes before the truly odious. There are excellent caricatures of Louis Philippe, but where are those of Napoleon? Charming ones of M. Thiers, but none of Ferré or Raoul Rigault. Passable ones of Cambacérès, but where are those of Talleyrand? The truth is that it does not belong to caricature to play that part of the moralist and the avenger which is sometimes assigned to it.

The caricaturist, then, is no pioneer of Progress, any more than he is a jester, a moralist, or a philosopher, or a doughty champion of popular causes.

He overturns no thrones, and does not excite the laughter of the crowd. The rôle of modern caricature is a very different one on both sides of the Atlantic, and even in those remote and recently settled islands where they publish illustrated newspapers, caricature is merely this:—an interpretation which brings before the eyes certain ideas which do not immediately strike the mind. The contemporaneous caricaturist illuminates living questions, and suggests the proper social and political point of view. He draws neither to raise a laugh nor to excite an antipathy. He caricatures as a means of characterization, and clearly to define a state of mind. His aim is exactly this, even when he employs the method of exaggeration. What results concerns the public rather than himself. He no more knows just the effect his ray of light will produce than the chemist knows, when he discovers a new property in a body, whether his discovery will prove a boon or a curse to humanity.

In Puck, one of the comic newspapers of New York, the following lately appeared: From amid a waste of waves rises a black island whose ink summit is lost in clouds. The form of it resembles vaguely that of a miner digging for coal. The slopes are guarded by a long line of cannon, over which floats the flag with three crosses, one above the other. Upon a pier which runs out into the sea from the base of the mountain, stands John Bull, while ships are seen approaching, having on board, respectively, the Czar, the Emperor William, and the representative of France. The three potentates all salute John Bull, and request permission to land. But the pier is inscribed with the words *Private Warehouse*, and the black giant of the mountain smiles mysteriously at the notion of a European attack. At the top of the cartoon we read the words,

Coal is King in the Far East. The author of this sketch has expressed with the rapidity of a lightning flash an abstract idea and a long chain of reasoning; and the picture sticks to the memory, as a hundred newspaper articles on the same subject would not do.

By virtue of the obligation he is under to give a plastic presentation of his meaning, the caricaturist is the exact reverse of the diplomatist. He is a disperser of clouds,—and in this sense the title of the comic journal of Zurich, the *Nebelspalter*, is most appropriate. He pierces with the point of his pen the mists enveloping the formal protocols of bearded sages,—and brushes them all away. While the Ottoman government respectfully replies to Europe, in unctuous but guarded notes, that its recommendations will be seriously considered, the caricaturist shows us the Turk listening to a serenade by the European Concert,—with his thumb at his nose. While the Spanish and American generals are saluting and complimenting one another on the public square at Santiago—after the fashion of Velasquez' picture of *The Lances*, the caricaturist shows us the toréador prostrate and dying, gored by the horns of the bull, McKinley. It is true that caricature casts weird but terribly suggestive lights on things which it is the constant effort of civilization to mystify or suppress.

And so the caricaturist holds a middle place between the buffoon and the prophet. He is permitted to say sad things because he can say them amusingly, and profound things because he can say them strikingly. His only corresponding figure in history is that of the fool in the courts of the olden time. The *folius* with his cock's comb was much more the caricaturist in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance than the stone-cutter or the wood-

carver. Plastically he was himself a living caricature; morally, he was a truth-teller and a censor of power. His shape, his dress, his gestures, were the very reverse, the natural antithesis of all the beautiful and artistic features of the courts of those times. He was so essential a part of them, that Veronese was reprimanded by the Inquisition for putting a fool in one of his representations of *The Last Supper*, and the modern poet has not forgotten in his picture of a *Banquet at Theresa's* to show us

Sur les escaliers
Un nain qui dérobaît leur course aux
cavaliers.

On the other hand the witty repartees of the dwarf were the valves which allowed the suppressed scorn of the courtiers to escape in the form of the most unlikely squibs. It was he who was expected to make princes acquainted with the things which nobody else dared tell them. We know how it was that in 1340 Philippe of Valois learned the disastrous result of the naval battle which had just taken place between the French and English fleets at the *Ecluses*. No one of his officers cared to tell him, so the fool assumed the office. He entered the king's chamber and stood grumbling in the background. "Those English poltroons!" he said. "Those chicken-livered Britons!" "Why do you abuse them so, cousin?" inquired the king. "Why? Because they hadn't spirit enough to jump into the sea head-foremost, as your French soldiers did,—abandoning their ships to a foe who didn't dare pursue them!"

Philosophers would not tell the truth in those days, and the fools were obliged to do so.

The reason is very simple. The fools were, for the most part, weak, undersized and misshapen, as we see them on the canvases of Velasquez. They

could not draw their swords and hit people; while, on the other hand, they were easily whipped. Their words were allowed because nobody dreaded their deeds. They were no bigger than gnats, and they stung like gnats. Precisely the same license is now permitted to the comic journal. Up to quite recent times the figures which they displayed were grotesque, undersized, and deformed. The comic paper understands so well that it is carrying on the business of the court-fool that in many countries it has even assumed his name. In France we have the Yellow Dwarf and the Triboulet; in England they have Punch; at Petersburg, The Buffoon; at Buda-Pesth, Stephen the Fool; at Turin, Pasquino. One of the comic papers of Vienna still mounts the cock's comb of the middle ages. The French Triboulet was one of the most faithful servants of the monarchy. When all the descendants of the nobles of Francis I. forsook, one by one, the king *qui ne s'amuse pas*, only the poor fool, celebrated by Rabelais, the deformed but loyal old servitor, would not budge. He shook his bells, and struck the last blow against oncoming democracy with that bauble which the monarchs had given him as a sign of contempt.

But the caricaturist is armed with a weapon more powerful than the writers, because it is one which enables him to express his thought in a manner more intelligible to the masses. The writer reasons; he evokes. The writer demonstrates; he exhibits. Goethe desired that there might be more drawing in the world and less talking;—and the caricaturist does not talk. He appeals to the sense of sight, and the senses seize an idea before the mind can, and are more common among men than the faculty of judgment. Tradesmen understand the fact perfectly, and this is why in place of a long verbal advertisement they depict

the strong man of the penny show quaffing a bowl of their famous bouillon, or a policeman gazing at his own reflection in a boot which is polished brighter than any Venice glass. The American politicians understand it when they portray Bimetallism with two good eyes, while Monometallism has only one. Such ideas are too abstract to be readily understood by the masses, but there is hardly an economic, financial or moral theory which has not been thus visibly demonstrated to the populace. The administration of Mr. Cleveland, the schemes of Tammany Hall, the Cuban and Hawaiian questions—all the most complicated problems of government are made to assume a visible form. It is once more that symbolic or didactic caricature which was noted at the beginning of this article as characteristic of the Egyptians. M. Caran d'Ache's Czar has the very bird's head of the God Horus. The empire of Ménélík is figured in the *Grelot* by the same lion as in the papyrus of the Museum of Turin. For the people, caricature has once more become what it was at the outset,—a means of instruction.

In different degrees, and as applied to various subjects, this is the function which it fulfils everywhere, because it is the one which it is best fitted to fulfil. Caricature is not necessarily an incitement to laughter; it is an indifferent political weapon; it is a feeble moralizing agent. But it is a marvellous process for reducing an abstract idea to the concrete, and thus bringing it to the notice of that mass of men that rebels against abstractions. It defines and incarnates those ideas which would otherwise float hazily in the mind. It shows us a theory in the form of a man, and a nation in the form of a woman. It gives chin-whiskers to a Law, moustaches to a Responsible Board, and side-whiskers to a Constitution. And by so doing it

makes the eyes discern what the mind had hardly been able to grasp.

Then it begins to modify the image, and the evolution of the idea follows the changes in the picture. It is thus that MM. Forain and Caran d'Ache,—to return once more to them—draw for us Frenchmen a Republic which grows younger and younger the longer the *régime* lasts. This image corresponds to a confessed notion in the minds of men that the Republic is growing more amiable, and the visible presentment reinforces the idea.

The Republic is no longer the shrew of the La Triboulet and the Pilori. Up to the age of twenty, she was represented as growing older. After that she seems to be born again, or rather, she becomes confounded with France. Each year her gray hairs become more golden, and her shape more slender. The crayon also has "conformed." We have no more the *Marianne* of former days, but something more like her daughter; with a slightly vulgar mouth, to be sure, but with enough of youthful grace to make us forget her vulgarity.

The dukes and archdukes whom M. Caran d'Ache shows us coming out of the ball-room, and picking up their crowns in the dressing-room, exclaim, "She is charming!" But one is irresistibly reminded of that word of Hein-

rich Heine: "Pray Heaven I may always love thee, for 'tis my love that makes thee fair!" For the caricaturist has quite forgotten her former resemblance. She is rehabilitated by his conformity. This is not she who ravaged monasteries, exiled princes, trampled on the corpses of Catholic workwomen at Chateaufvillain, or pierced the breasts of *prolétaires* at Fourmies. She never went to Panama. She knows nothing about railways in the South. But this is she who received the Czar, who wept over the victims of the Charity Bazar, and inaugurated the Napoleonic Exhibition and the Musée Condé. She drives about in a landau. Her Phrygian Cap is an emblem no longer. It is a head-dress. She has put the licitor's fascies into an umbrella-case. She does not even look at the regiment marching by. She is no more the virago of September; she is the Queen of the May. If M. Forain allows anything ugly to approach her—it is the men who attend her, not the institutions. The thoughtful *distinguo* inscribed upon Raphael's painted ceilings may be clearly read on the ephemeral pages of the maker of silhouettes. And caricature in his hands, as in that of all the great masters of the art, is—an illumination.

Robert de la Sizeranne.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

TO HIS HEART, BIDDING IT HAVE NO FEAR.

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
"He who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways:
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood,
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the lonely, proud, winged multitude."

W. B. Yeats.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

If Thomas and Matthew Arnold had not happened to be father and son, it is not likely that it would have occurred to any one to link their names together. Given the relationship, it is possible, no doubt, to discern points of contact and resemblance. Both may be classed as educationalists by those who like to use that cumbrous and unpleasing word. Both were deeply interested in the intellectual culture of their fellow-countrymen. Both thought and wrote much on religious questions. Both strove to enlarge the ideas of the public to which they severally addressed themselves; and both seemed, in respect of this part of their work, to be but *voces clamantium in deserto*. But, in spite of these points of resemblance, the differences are great, and are not confined to the surface only, but rather extend deep down into the foundations of their lives. Not only were the spheres in which they worked, the audiences to which they spoke, markedly different, but the temperaments and characters of the two men differed profoundly. The one enthusiastic, vigorous, powerful, sympathetic, speaking to the character and the emotions; the other critical, cynical, sarcastic, humorous, and addressing himself primarily to reason and the intellect: assuredly the tie of natural relationship is needed to group them in our minds together. Yet grouped they are, necessarily; and it was inevitable that an editor who had to deal with the great educators of the world, with a special reference to the English book-buying public, should apportion one volume to the consideration of the

work of Thomas and Matthew Arnold.

For such a task Sir Joshua Fitch has strong qualifications, from his official experience of modern English educational methods and history, and from his personal acquaintance with Matthew Arnold, his colleague in the service of the Education Department. His book, if not remarkable, is at any rate adequate and readable; strongest, as was to be expected, in dealing with purely educational matters, weaker on purely literary topics, such as the poetry and literary criticism of Matthew Arnold, or the historical work of his father. He is not afraid to indicate his own differences of opinion on certain educational matters, such as Thomas Arnold's views on Latin verse, or Matthew's methods of school inspection; and such criticisms, whether the reader agrees with them or not, at least serve the purpose of arousing his attention and stimulating thought on matters which are sometimes of considerable importance to those who are interested in the problems of modern education.

It would be superfluous to attempt to write a biographical sketch of the life of Thomas Arnold, who has had the good fortune to be the subject of one of the few first-rate biographies in the English language; while Matthew Arnold's life, as he himself felt, was not of a kind to lend itself to historical treatment, the external events in it being few and unimportant. It is possible, however, to attempt to sum up the work which each of them did, and to estimate the spirit in which it was done; and at a time when education is one of the most prominent subjects and foremost needs of the day, it may be not unprofitable to consider the thoughts and achievements of two

*Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M. A., LL. D., formerly Her Majesty's Inspector of Training Colleges. Great Educators' Series. (London, 1897.)

men who have left their marks deep on the educational and intellectual characteristics of the present generation.

If the average educated man is asked what Thomas Arnold did, he will probably answer that he reformed the public school system through his headmastership of Rugby; but this answer, though it would not much mislead the average questioner, is in strict accuracy quite erroneous. It was not the form of the public school system that Arnold modified, but its spirit. In form the system of Rugby was substantially that under which he had himself been educated at Winchester. Winchester has always been in many respects a typical public school, conservative in its traditions, unaffected by special social distinctions, unfettered by special limitations of class, and possessing an exceptionally vigorous and enduring corporate spirit; and Arnold was not only a Wykehamist, but a keen and devoted Wykehamist. The prefectorial system, the recognition of fagging by properly constituted boy authorities, was well established at Winchester, and it was the foundation of Arnold's system at Rugby, as it is of nearly all public schools at the present day. Arnold did not invent the thing, but he developed its inherent possibilities and made it a powerful engine in the formation of character. There are few more potent educational agents than responsibility; and England, as a nation, owes enormously to the recognition of this principle. It is this that makes the midshipmen in our navy and the subalterns in our army capable, not merely of those astonishing feats which some of them from time to time have the luck and the ability to achieve, but of that high average of responsible work which is done, unrecognized, from day to day throughout the services. The same qualities may be seen, by those who care to look for them, in much of

our civil life, though in many careers the opportunities for showing them are less; and it is impossible to estimate how much of the stronger elements of our national character is due to that early cultivation of responsibility of which the prefectorial system in our public schools is one of the most notable manifestations. Arnold trusted his boys; and the result was that they rarely abused the trust. It was often said, especially at Oxford—to which university most of his boys went—that his scholars were unduly serious and oppressed with a sense of their importance in the universe; but this is a fault which is not likely to affect any very large proportion of English schoolboys, and if in the hands of an exceptional master the bow was over strongly bent in this direction, the excess was of a kind which would not be found under more ordinary circumstances.

As with the social organization of the school, so with its more strictly educational system, Arnold did not so much reform as re-inspirit. He found, and on the whole he maintained, at Rugby the normal public school curriculum, in which Latin and Greek occupy the foremost post, with history and divinity as recognized adjuncts, while mathematics, modern languages, and especially science, are relegated to comparatively obscure situations. We have no intention of discussing the merits or the demerits of the system here. Sir Joshua Fitch does indeed take the opportunity to deliver his soul in a denunciation of verse composition as a means of education; but though we wholly disagree with him, and note with satisfaction that Arnold's experience led him from a dislike of verse composition to an increasing belief in it,¹ we will not argue the point here, nor try to appraise the comparative value of the testimony of Dean Farrar (whom Sir Joshua Fitch quotes) and

¹ Thomas and Matthew Arnold, p. 42.

Arnold on educational problems. The point which we wish to make at present is this, that Arnold took over the existing educational system in the main, *but* filled it with fresh life by his methods *and* his individual personality. In all his teaching he was thinking, not of the accumulation of exact knowledge, but of the effect on the boy's mind and character. Not merely the divinity lesson, the special charm and force of which have been so admirably set forth by Dean Stanley, but the classical lesson, and still more the history lesson, were used to impress on his pupils' minds the great moral teachings of the world's experience. His sympathy with human character made him realize for himself the human interest in ancient literature and history, and enabled him to convey that interest to his hearers. He was among the first of English scholars to adopt the realistic methods of Niebuhr, which may be taken to be the foundation of the whole of the modern system of reading and teaching history; and it was, no doubt, the human, natural, unconventional character of those methods that primarily appealed to him. He felt ancient history as real life, and he taught it for its bearings upon human character. He aimed at producing, not specialists, but men.

Here, indeed, is the secret of Arnold's method. It was character that he aimed at producing, and it was by character that he worked. Freshness, vigor, strenuousness, honesty, sympathy were the notes of his character, and it was by them that he impressed his pupils. Other teachers have turned out exacter scholars, and have trained their pupils' minds to a higher stage of intellectual development; but few, if any, have possessed his power of at once stimulating the mind and impressing the soul. Hence it was that he put his mark upon his pupils with a peculiar clearness, and inspired them

with a special devotion to himself; and the literary genius of two of these pupils, in adding two imperishable works to English literature (Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold" and Thomas Hughes' "Tom Brown's Schooldays"), has carried Arnold's name and fame into wider circles than a schoolmaster generally reaches, and thereby has made his spirit and his method a part and parcel of modern public school life. It may be uncertain how far the modern developments of our public schools are due to Arnold's influence, and how far to the general march of ideas; and some features of them, such as the increasing attention paid to science and modern languages, lay altogether outside his sphere. But it cannot be questioned that his influence, especially upon the tone and spirit of the schools, was great; and the whole of it was good.

But it was not only in school and from the headmaster's chair that Arnold brought his influence to bear on his generation. Himself a Fellow of Oriel at the same time as Keble, with strong connections of tradition and sentiment with Oxford, it was impossible that he should not take the keenest interest in the great religious movement which was convulsing Oxford and England during the years of his headmastership of Rugby; and when his spirit was strongly moved, he was sure to throw himself strenuously into the conflict. The form which his participation in the controversy took was due to the idiosyncrasies of his character. He had left Oxford too soon, and was too independent in character, to fall wholly under the influence of Newman or Pusey; and his temperament led him in a different direction. Looking always to spirit rather than to form, sympathizing with other men so greatly that he would always rather include than reject, his tendency naturally was to plead for the widest possi-

ble toleration of divergent opinions. The Church of England should be as nearly as possible identical with the nation of England, embracing all who could honestly claim the name of Christian. That was the only test, but that test was to be applied rigidly. With Unitarians he would make no terms. He would have had no sympathy with those who to-day assert that they have a right to call themselves Christians because, though rejecting Christ's Divinity, they yet hold Him in reverence as a human teacher. That quibble Arnold would have rejected without hesitation; but he made little account of the principles by which Christians are divided from one another. The result was, that at a time when nearly all men who took a living interest in religious matters were eagerly debating questions of Church history and patristic teaching and theological interpretation, he stood on an eminence by himself, satisfying neither party and influencing few except those who, as his pupils, came directly under his influence. Neither the Oxford High Church school, nor those who regarded that school as drawing dangerously near to Popery, could regard him as otherwise than unsound in his principles; and the greater the energy with which he intervened in the conflict, the more sure he was to draw down blows on himself from both sides.

So, in religion as in education, Arnold founded no new system, but was the prophet of a true and life-giving spirit. With few disciples to follow exactly in his footsteps, he was yet helpful and stimulative to all with whom he came into contact. If his educational methods required enlargement, so as to include a wider range of subjects, and if his religious teaching required to be guided by a sounder grasp of Church principles, the spirit which inspired both was healthy and true; and the reverence in which his name is

held to this day, and will be held to a distant future, is fully and honorably deserved. Not Winchester only, which educated him, nor Rugby, which he educated, nor even all the public schools whom his example influenced so deeply, but all cultivated members of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, are proud to acknowledge the greatness of soul which inspired Thomas Arnold, and the debt which they owe to his generous spirit and upright manliness of character.

When all that knew him cherished his memory, it was natural that his own family should do so most of all; and Matthew Arnold's recently published letters bear constant testimony to his devotion to his father's memory. Yet in passing to the consideration of the son's career one cannot help feeling oneself surrounded by a wholly different atmosphere. The difference is partly one of circumstances, but it is still more one of temperament and character. Having been, in the first instance, sent to Winchester, like his father before him, he was removed thence when his father went to Rugby, and thenceforward lived at home, receiving practically the education of a day-boarder. Possibly this amount of separation from the common life of a school had something to do with the aloofness which characterized him afterwards; possibly, too, the uncongenial character of his work in later life contributed to the same end. While his father's lot had fallen in a great public school, his own was cast in an Inspectorship of elementary education among schools especially patronized by Nonconformists. He did his work honestly and adequately, but (as Sir Joshua Fitch regretfully admits) he never regarded it with that enthusiasm which a properly constituted Inspector of Schools should feel. He looked upon it as bread-and-butter work, necessary to him as a father of a family,

but not affording scope to his special and proper powers. But behind these differences of circumstances there lay also a difference of temperament which was fostered by them—a temperament intellectual rather than emotional, and critical rather than enthusiastic.

Given, then, this temperament, intellectual rather than emotional; given, too, these uncongenial, or but half-congenial, circumstances, which dulled enthusiasm and encouraged criticism; and given in addition the reaction from religious and theological excitement which characterized the generation following that of the Oxford Movement, we can fairly account for the lines upon which Matthew Arnold's genius developed itself. Like his father, he tried to educate his generation, but his aims and his methods were different. While his father endeavored to touch men's hearts and elevate their characters, he aimed at touching their minds and widening their intellects. His method was sarcasm, not enthusiasm. His watchword was culture, not religion.

On his official work as an Inspector of Schools it is not necessary to say much. There have probably been many better inspectors; and the best of his work was probably due to the fact that he was not only an inspector. His reputation as a scholar, a critic, and a man of letters, gave weight to his recommendations on all matters touching the intellectual development of educational methods, and also (as Sir Joshua Fitch points out) gave a pleasant stimulus to many managers and masters of schools whom he met in his official progresses. He was always averse to Procrustean systems of examination and reward (a characteristically Arnoldian feature), and was constantly on the look-out for opportunities to inculcate a wider literary culture into the children under his charge. He advocated (without much success) increased reading of the Bible, not as

religious instruction but as literature. Further, he was more than once despatched on missions to the Continent, to report on foreign educational methods, of which his love of French intellectual characteristics and his distaste for contemporary English Philistinism made him a sympathetic student; and his reports of these missions contain much that is interesting and suggestive, though we do not know that they have left much impression on the educational policy of English governments. But the greater part of his official work bulks no larger in his life's achievement than the folios filled by Charles Lamb at the India House. Like his father, he had interests outside his profession to which he devoted his spare time; but, unlike his father, it was in these outside occupations that his greatest work was done.

The literary work of Matthew Arnold falls into three, if not four, divisions. There is what may be called his didactic work, part of which may be described as his teaching on religion, while the other part is his teaching on culture. Next, there is his work in the sphere of literary criticism; and finally, there is his poetry. Of his writings on the subject of religion it is not necessary to say much. That he was earnest in his desire for the good of humanity is unquestionable, but the trace that he left upon either his contemporaries or his successors in this respect was small. His father had passed through a long and severe struggle with doubt, but had emerged victorious, and could thenceforth throw all his vigorous enthusiasm into the cause of Christianity. Whether the son struggled with doubt we know not, but it is certain that doubt was victorious; and his teaching was in the name of a God whom he knew only as "a stream of tendency, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," not a God revealed to us in Christ. This in itself weak-

ened his position as a religious teacher; but it may be doubted whether, with his somewhat reserved and critical temperament, he could ever have exercised a wide influence in this direction. He could not speak to the emotions, he could only arouse the intellect; and it was in his appeals to the intellect, in his efforts to purify the taste and enlarge the culture of the English public, that he was most truly and effectively a teacher.

It may be doubted whether, even in the sixties and early seventies, the taste of England was so low as Matthew Arnold habitually represented it, or its vulgarity so blatant and self-satisfied. It must be remembered that, before the passing of the Education Act, his work lay wholly among schools supported by the Nonconformist bodies, the managers of whom were, presumably, mostly Nonconformists; and this was hardly a sphere in which Arnold was likely to find many congenial spirits. Hence his continual warfare against Dissent, not *qua* religious Dissent, but on account of its intellectual barrenness, its narrowness, and its want of culture. But it would be useless to contend that this is the whole explanation of the matter. At no time could the average taste of a large and very busy community reach the standard of taste and culture which Arnold desiderated; but the England of thirty years ago fell very short of that ideal indeed. A reader who will take advantage of the recent reprint of that most characteristically Arnoldian *jeu d'esprit*, long so inaccessible, "Friendship's Garland," cannot but feel that many of Arnold's gibes have lost much of their weight to-day. But if this is true—if the strivings after culture are to-day more genuine and more wide-spread; if the standard of popular taste has been raised above the level of early Victorian days—the credit is in no small measure due to Matthew Arnold

himself. Not, of course, to him alone. Other workers, such as Ruskin among his seniors, Hunt, Burne-Jones, Morris, Rossetti, Pater, among his coevals and juniors, were in their own different spheres laboring in the same direction and incurring the same opposition and ridicule as he met with. But however much his catchwords—his "Philistines" and "Barbarians," his "sweetness and light"—were scoffed at, the phrases stuck, as he intended, and some impression was made on the well-nigh impenetrable hide of British self-complacency. It is not merely self-flattery to say that intellectual interests are more widely diffused now than before Arnold wrote; nor is the change wholly a gain. If culture is more diffused, it is also less concentrated, and in literary achievement of the highest order the present generation compares but poorly with the last. Still, for the public at large the gain is clear. More good books are read, more good pictures are studied, more good music is listened to, than was the case a generation ago; and if it is the case that much of this apparently cultured interest is a sham, it is clearly a gain that fashion should require an appearance of refinement and good taste rather than an appearance of vulgarity and indifference.

In the intervals of his "puny warfare against the Philistines," of his attempts "to pull out a few more stops in that powerful, but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman," Arnold found time for many excursions into literary criticism, wherein he set an example of that culture which he would fain inculcate on his contemporaries. If one is asked for the most salient characteristic of his literary criticism (and in this brief notice we have no space for more), it would seem to be his constant insistence upon a high standard of taste. He tries to rise above temporary and superficial qualities, and to test every-

thing by certain supreme canons, valid for all time. He asks of this poet and of that, Has he the "grand style?"—of the translator of Homer, Has he rapidity, plainness and directness of style and thought, and nobleness of soul?—of the critic, Has he sweetness and light? The grand style in creative literature, lucidity in criticism: these were his ideals, which he was never weary of preaching. His criticisms of other writers have a way of abiding by one, because he cultivated this lucidity himself, and because he had the gift of arranging his study of an author round some central feature or idea, which is imprinted on the memory by the way in which it is handled and enforced from all sides. It was this love of lucidity that gave him his admiration for the French school of literary prose, with its clear logical arrangement and precision of phrase, and especially for Sainte-Beuve, the most clear-sighted, suggestive, and withal sane of critics. The sensationalism which tries to get a hearing by forced novelties of phrase or idea, which takes but one side of a truth and distorts that, never appealed to him. His judgment was sober and "of the centre," yet by his manner of expressing it, by the illuminating gift of apposite phrase and suggestive thoughts, he avoided monotony and commonplace. Culture of mind, lucidity of phrase, went hand in hand for him; and like Chaucer's parish priest,

He taughte, but first he folwed it himselfe.

And finally, Arnold was a poet, and a poet in a generation which reached a very high level of poetic production. The Victorian age may not have so many names of the first rank as the Georgian, which can bring into the field such giants as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Scott; but a generation which can claim Ten-

nyson, the Brownings, Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris, may hold up its head with the best. Among this distinguished gathering Arnold has a well defined position of his own. Without the beauty and charm of Tennyson, the force and dramatic power of Browning, the extraordinary rhythmical mastery of Swinburne, he excels them all in what may be called intellectual poetry. The grave meditative solemnity of such poems as "Obermann" and the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" and "Rugby Chapel" touches notes such as few poets have reached, due to a peculiar combination of intellectual culture and genuine poetic feeling. His poetry always has the tincture of intellect, of meditation, of deliberate and studied art; but it would not be so impressive as it is if there were not a genuine spirit of poetry at the back of it, a sense of beauty (seen perhaps most clearly in certain stanzas of "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy") and an insight into the springs of thought and character which make their possessor a poet. The "Spirit of Intellectual Beauty" whom Shelley invoked must surely have been the Muse whom Arnold served; and, in consequence, his disciples and admirers must always be drawn from those who have had some intellectual and literary training. But among these (and the class is not a very narrow one) he will find a train of followers, at least so long as the problems with which he deals exercise the human mind. On the minor poets of the younger generation his influence is marked and unmistakable; and many readers, in times of intellectual unrest, will turn to him for sympathy and congenial companionship when a greater poet would help them less.

Mr. Hutton once singled out Matthew Arnold as the typical representative of that Oxford generation which followed the generation of Newman. The tur-

bulent excitement of religious controversy had given place to an intellectual questioning of all things, to an attitude of doubt which was not merely a fashion, though in some cases it degenerated into that. It was a natural reaction, and has itself in turn given way to the combination of High Church views with critical scholarship which characterizes the Oxford of to-day. Possibly Clough is a fairer representative of it than Arnold: Clough, with his paroxysms of doubt and blind gropings after faith, with his struggle of the soul in hope against the insistent whisperings of the intellect. The Olympian, if melancholy, serenity of Arnold marks the older man rather than the youth. He stands rather aloof from his generation, girding at its vulgarity, striving somewhat hopelessly to elevate its standards, teaching it by

his example in literary criticism, and from time to time retiring into himself to commune with his soul in verse. His father taught his generation by a sympathetic mingling with it, stimulating it by his own enthusiasm and generous championship of right; the son taught his later generation as it were from outside, more by his example than by his exhortations. But both left their marks on the England of their day; and if in any respect we have advanced in the tone of our public school education, in a sympathetic and tolerant view of human nature and of religious controversy, in a wider range of intellectual interests, in a higher standard of taste in art and literature, we owe not a little of it to the advocacy and the example of Thomas and Matthew Arnold.

The Church Quarterly Review.

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.

XXXII.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Edinburgh, to Sir Richard Etchingham, London.

Thistle Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Many happy returns of the day, Sir Richard. A very fortunate day, this, for you. (It is not your own birthday to which I refer. Unlike most people, you are only allowed one a year.) I refer to my own.

I really do think, Dickory, it is rather horrid of you to have forgotten this universal festival. Not one word in your writing, not the ghost of a packet that looks like a present. My wrath is kindled against you. However, lest over severity drive you to despair, I will hint that I'm not implacable, and if you write me a long, long letter and

promise me another Helleu etching, I may again like you almost as well as I like Sir Augustus Pampesford—The saints defend us! Richard! Speak of the dell—he—Sir Augustus, is in the room!

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With chastened spirit and the worst quill in the world, I return to my interrupted letter. *Eheu!* Sir Augustus is under this very roof—come to Edinburgh to interview Lyon King of Arms; come to look for a shooting; come to be civil to somebody (not to me). I never did see anything quite so solid and solemn as he looked projecting himself into the hotel drawing-room with a Royal Stuart plaid wound about his massive arm.

And the sight of him did not astound Laura as it did me. For once the

shock and enervation and nerve prostration were mine. And what did I hear? I heard what led me to suppose that, while ministered to by the waiter from Aber-r-r-rdeen the other evening, we narrowly escaped the sight of Sir Augustus darkening the coffee-room window, shutting out the light of heaven, as his elephantine form descended by ladder from the roof of the station omnibus to the door-steps of the inn. But for some *contretemps* Sir Augustus would, it is plain, have joined us at Glenfean the evening before last. The shooting he thinks to take is within easy distance of the inn. (Wait a minute, the post has come in.)

Thank you for your letter, dear. You will have heard what Mr. Shipley writes to tell me. Poor Colonel Newton! Frankfort railway station does not seem a suitable departure platform for another world. From what Mr. Shipley says, he died quite suddenly. His servant reports that during an altercation with the porters about the taking of small luggage into the carriage, he fell and never recovered consciousness. I shall be anxious for further news of Alice. I am rather glad that she had already gone back to Suffolk. Not that it can make any vital difference, but the influences of the country are soothing, and those of London are not. She asked Mr. Shipley to write to me and then, later, wrote a few lines herself. "Why could it not have been me?" she says. "I always thought Hubert could have been quite happy if he had married another sort of woman, and now there is an end to all that he might have had, and might have been."

There came, too, a characteristic, ghoulisn letter from Mrs. Ware, Colonel Newton's sister, who has already started off on the tack of "I should have thought Alice would have wished the remains brought home for interment

in the family vault; but this, from what I gather, is not her purpose, etc., etc. . . . Alice herself seems wonderfully well. I have offered to be with her as long as she likes, notwithstanding serious personal inconvenience, but she is expecting Mr. Shipley on his return from Germany, it seems, and meanwhile does not feel the loneliness as one would have expected. For months after Mr. Ware's death I could not be left alone." Mr. Shipley's note differs wholly in purport. He sees that this shock will give yet another rude shake to Alice's shattered nerves, a far greater shock than news of the signing of her own death-warrant would have been. Charon has the hunter's passion for pursuit and despises willing prey.

Mrs. Vivian writes to tell me that as I am not available she is taking Ada Llanelly to Marienbad. "It is easier to take her than to shake her off, and now that Eddy Leyton's engagement to Wilfrida Home-Lennox is an accomplished fact, Ada does not give herself the airs that she did when imagining that she was to marry him herself. I heard from Lady Leyton this morning, who is thankful that it is not Ada. She likes the Home-Lennox girl. I certainly should be sorry for a son of mine to marry Ada. She is a regular Becky Sharp; but she will do well enough at Marienbad, and John likes her, as she troubles herself to be civil to him. She would go and sit beside a scarecrow and be civil to it, if it wore a man's coat." Mrs. Vivian furthermore tells me that Mr. Biggleswade and Ada impressed each other very favorably when last he came to London "dressed, poor idiot, to look as much like a guardsman as possible, and making it plain that no one considered the Church a greater anachronism than he does himself."

Mrs. Vivian goes on to ask me, "How would it be if Mr. Biggleswade and

Ada Llanelly made a match of it? They have each impressed the other with the sense of social 'smartness.' Ada wonders how Mr. Biggleswade came to go into the Church" (a wonder after his own heart), "and he speaks of her as very 'good fun' (a verdict after hers)." "She couldn't tolerate life in our vicarage, but she might tolerate it as the wife of a West or South-west London clergyman who remained in the Church because he thought it would be hard on the poor dowdy old Church if he threw her over, and who preached on secular subjects to a crowd of got-up women painted to their eyes." So says Mrs. Vivian.

Is it true that Stephen and Mr. Biggleswade are writing a play together? Since I received the "Unicode" telegram that my last inquiries concerning his book-making produced, I feel shy of putting questions on literary affairs to Stephen.

I did not tell you that while we were at Glenfearn I went over to Dalruogh. It was cowardly not to have gone before, but one side of me has been half crazed, I think, these years; and I have had letters constantly; and I have written constantly, as you know. (A letter had come from Dalruogh the morning of the day on which that foolish Sir Augustus first asked me to marry him.) And when I was at Glenfearn I felt as if I could not face the going there, though I felt too as if I should be sorry always afterwards if I did not. And then Mr. Fraser—Dalruogh, as he is in that country—rode across the moor to Glenfearn one afternoon when the others were out and seemed as if he wished me to come. We had met already at half-way places. He was growing old, he told me, and old folk had not overmuch time for getting their way, and he had a wish to see me there again and to give me one or two things I

might care to have. So I went. I was deceitful, I am afraid, in concealing my intention from Laura. But I could not speak of it or have her, or even Cynthia, with me. Some things one can only do and endure alone.

Mr. Fraser still lives by himself. He and the collies—one of them the white collie I christened Fingal, now old and stiff—came out to meet me. The house looks just the same, and the gardens as peaceful and lovely as ever. I used to think how when you came home you would admire those hanging gardens overlooking the river, terrace divided from terrace by old iron gates, and the brilliant flowers thrown into relief by the background of dusky yew. I used to think of the library, too, how much you would like the books. And Mr. Fraser told me I was to tell you in detail of his treasures; they might perhaps tempt you to Dalruogh some day, and for this, he showed me the copy of the Montaigne in which Florio apologizes for printers' and other errors by saying an engagement at Court had absorbed his time; and the first English New Testament printed at Geneva, and a folio Beaumont and Fletcher with the wreathed portrait, and Hunnis' "Seven Psalms" and "Handful of Honeysuckle," and other rare books of old verse, and black-letter Bibles and wonderful missals, and then about ten folio editions of Horace, and as many Virgils. They would all, he said, go to a ne'er-do-weel lad who would sell the lot to pay his racing debts. He had only one son.

We went to the churchyard. I had not seen the stone. The inscription just says, "Alastair Ian Fraser of Dalruogh. Born January 7th, 1852. Died August 12th, 1891"—from a gun accident. Suddenly—that was better perhaps than illness.

But why had it to be?

The stone looks quite gray and old.

as if it has been there a long while now. Seven years is a long while, and yet it is nothing. A thousand years and but yesterday.

His life was very good while it lasted; I like to think that. He was very successful in his profession and had interests all round. As keen a soldier as Harry, with a love for things bookish like you, and a love for the country like me. And his father and he were friends; not only father and son; and to his mother he was all the world. His dying sent the light out of her sky for ever, and it killed her, I think. I was tougher and young, and got acclimatized to living on in the dark.

I don't know why I am writing this to you, rending my heart but not my garments. Yes, I do know. I want to bring him back into your thoughts, if only for the moment, so that he may live in your memory; and I have never the fortitude to do it speaking, though I have often tried. For the dead are forgotten, Richard. We only pretend that they are not. To all my relations now it is as if he had never lived and died. Laura said to me the other day, "I think your nerves are getting out of order, Elizabeth; you wince when you hear a gun." It is true, I do. But I have not suddenly become what Harry would call gun-shy. I have been so ever since the day of a gun-accident on the moor above Dalruagh.

Mrs. Vivian would say I have had more in not marrying him than if we had been married. The half in such cases is greater, she declares, than the whole. The saints were mostly unmarried, or married to brutes or shrews, she is fond of announcing. I remember some one saying once, *à propos* of the engagement of a woman she knew, to a man who had been married before, "I should not be jealous of the woman he married, but of the woman he cared for and did not

marry." "It's the men and women that are beloved but not married that are canonized." But there are people in whom there is nothing that disillusion. Their trifling faults and failings are either lovable or seem to throw their virtues into higher relief. And even if there are graver faults, I don't think that would interfere, unless they were base, ungenerous faults. Pride, hot temper, self-will, obstinacy, arrogance, prejudice; what am I that I could not forgive them all?

It was even harder to pull myself from Dalruagh than the going there had been, and it was evening before I came away. But I shall go back, I think. I think I shall go back soon; I said I would. There, at least, he is not forgotten. His guns and fishing-rods, all the inanimate things, are just as they used to be. And when his father wished me good-bye he said, "God bless and keep you; we have both the same sorrow in our hearts."

And then I drove the twelve miles over the hill to Glenfearn, and was met by Cynthia with many caresses, and by Blake with the tidings that "her ladyship was that alarmed, not knowing where you was, M'm, and them nasty tinkers about, that she's having tea instead of dinner."

For the rest that I had to say I cannot say it now. Good-bye.

Elizabeth.

XXXIII.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, 83 Hans Place, to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Ocean Hotel, St. Kentigerns, N. B.

Dearest Elizabeth,—How should I forget your birthday? It was the blinder who was a few days late with his reverent mending of a little old eighteenth-century reprint of Sir John

Davis' "Immortality of the Soul," which you should receive by this post or the next. I was sure you would not like it re-bound if the old binding could be saved. Sir John pleases me, I confess, better than your later English Platonists. His images are more noble and sustained, and he does not fly up like a sky-rocket to burst in a shower of crackling little conceits. I don't say he is free from affectations in his minor work. Only an Elizabethan lawyer-poet could have set down that "Every true wife bears an indented heart, wherein the covenants of love are writ." But I claim judgment for him, as every man ought to have it, on his best, the "Nosce Teipsum." What say you now to this?

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet she can love a forrain Emperor,
Whom of great worth and power she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by Ambassador,
Or but his letters or his pictures see:

For well she knows that when she shalbe brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign,
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin Soul on Earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways,
By these great powers, which on the Earth bear sway:
The wisdom of the World, wealth, pleasure, praise;

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her Fantasie possess;

But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

The conclusion of the simile is good, but not quite so good. And some pages farther on:

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality;
But Truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind,
The Tree of life which will not let her die.

Heaven waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And Time itself in time shall cease to move;
Only the Soul survives, and lives for aye.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that Death against her nature is,
Think it a birth; and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

Stanzas like these, when one considers the difficulty of handling a philosophical argument in verse, appear to me to place the author's art very high.

True it is that Sir John Davis has not convinced the world that his aspirations amount to proof: nor has any one. For I take it that those who believe in personal immortality on direct conviction, not merely on authority, or as having convinced themselves that they ought to believe on authority, are no very large number. Indeed it is or has been an orthodox opinion that natural reason is not adequate for this purpose. But it is good to aspire. And for once I must disagree with you, though on things almost too sacred to discuss—I mean, when it comes to one's own personal application. Speculation is and ought to be abso-

lutely free, but human weakness can preserve its freedom only by keeping it in general terms. But here is my difference. You say the dead are forgotten; are you not unjust to the remembrance of the few—those who ought to remember—in confounding it with the large inert oblivion of the multitude? No, our dead are not forgotten: least of all, perhaps, when least present to our conscious thought. None of us can really sound the depths of his own memory. They have entered into our lives and work with us, and all that we do is their tribute. For the rest, I am content to be no wiser than the nameless sage whose wisdom was deemed worthy to borrow a name from Solomon. "*Iustorum animæ in manî Dei sunt.*"

The full solution is not for us now. But somehow, some time—or peradventure as much beyond our measures of time as beyond our limits of space—the rules that keep our day-dreams in order—it is plain in the infinite thought of the One who wakes. If we may not pray with the saints, we can watch with the humble sinners. Which is the greater faith—to think that we have the secret of God's counsels, and can dispense it in daily rations, and earn doles of it by good conduct, or to trust God's knowledge far enough not to be afraid of confessing our ignorance?

Some draw the wine to drink thereof
full deep,
And some i' the mosque their night-
long vigil keep—
Unstedfast all, tossed on a shoreless
flood;
For ONE doth wake; fools in their
folly sleep.

So says Omar Khayyâm, the real and serious Omar, I conceive, when he rends the veil of his ambiguous conventional imagery and ceases from his antinomian flings against the formalism of both Mullahs and Sûfis. How

do I know, you may say, that this and not the other—or one of the others—is the real Omar? Well, I don't; but this and like utterances—not fitting in to the common forms even of unorthodoxy—seem far less likely to have been interpolated than the six hundred and one stanzas about wine and moonlight and the lips of the beloved by the lip of the field (the boundary between tilth and wilderness in a country living on irrigation), which scores of versifiers might have written at any time over several centuries. Not that the wine and moon, and so forth, need always have their literal meaning, or only that meaning. My own belief is that the reader is often wilfully left to take his choice as he may deserve: but that is yet another story.

As to more modern literature, it is quite true about Stephen Legrave and Biggleswade. They are concocting an Elizabethan drama. Not much of it is written, so far as I can make out. Legrave tells me of interminable discussions on the mint and anise and cummin of archaism. Biggleswade wants it to be written in Elizabethan spelling, with stage directions to impress on the reader at every turn that the action takes place under the conditions of the Elizabethan theatre, on a platform commanded by the audience all round, and with no costumes or scenery. You know—or don't know—that our incomparable Biggleswade is a professed enthusiast for the revival of the pure Elizabethan stage management. Apart from my general objection to Biggleswade and his works, that seems to me one of the queerest fads of an archaizing age—permissible, perhaps, as an occasional curious exercise. Not long ago, when Shipley was in Paris working with his friends at the Ecole des Chartes, he met one of the first living actors of France—one who has had to do with Shakespeare—and told him of these Elizabethan performances in

London. The actor's comment was what a Frenchman would call "brutal" if an Englishman had said it. "*C'est stupide!*" What is more, I think Shakespeare would have called it stupid. If Shakespeare made "four or five most vile and ragged fells" and a few "chambers shot off" furnish forth the siege of Harfleur and the field of Agincourt, it was not because he liked it so, but because the stage and the property-room of the Globe could do no better for him. He tells us so himself. What is the inference to any one who has not drilled himself into the very lunacy of antiquarian pedantry? Surely that, if Shakespeare could be with us now, he would applaud Sir Henry Irving to the full, and work the resources of the modern theatre to their utmost capacity. Legrave is dogmatic enough, but he is too much of a scholar to have broken with all the traditions of rational modern education, and he has not got to the point of despising everything done between 1590 and 1890. So I don't very well see how he and Biggleswade are going to hit it off. The play will no doubt find some one to praise it; Biggleswade has at any rate not neglected the modern art of "ladling butter from alternate tubs." But it needs no great skill in fortune-telling to prophesy that it will have none to act it and very few to read.

Do you know the story of the minister at a Scottish funeral giving out the hymn?—"Let us sing hymn No. 297: it was always a favorite hymn with the remains." Mrs. Ware may sing hymn No. 297 over Colonel Newton if she likes; as indeed she is in duty bound. I shall not pretend to be sorry that poor Mrs. Newton, after apparently throwing away her life, has another chance of living. Margaret is sorry without much pretence, and it can hardly be for Colonel Newton. Shipley took a hurried leave of us before going off to Frankfort to do what

has to be done there; after which he will have to give an uncertain amount of time and trouble to putting things in order at home. I know nothing of Colonel Newton's affairs, except that he was the kind of man who is apt to leave most trouble to survivors—that is, he thought he was business-like, and was not. Mrs. Newton probably does not know the difference between a cheque and a bank-note, so Shipley will have to look to everything.

Arthur has come up for the Harrow match, and gone back disgusted with the usual inconclusive result (it seems that nowadays a drawn match is rather to be expected than not); but he is much pleased with his recent promotion to Sixth Form—to be captain of one's house and in Sixth Form is a great matter. Perhaps it is as near the position of a reigning Indian prince—with the house master for Resident and the head-master for Viceroy—as anything this country can show. Meanwhile Shipley and I had spent a half-holiday afternoon and evening at Eton—the very day before Colonel Newton's death was announced. Arthur has most likely written to you since, as he is a pretty good correspondent. He is devoted to Shipley, as you are aware, and wanted very much to entertain him. I don't know which of us enjoyed it most. We rowed up to Boveney weir for a bathe, as all good Etonians ought when they get the chance; and I am free to maintain that there is no better bathing-place in the world, and none so good, except perhaps in Rosia Bay near Europa Point at Gibraltar. And then tea with Lytewell in his garden—a real individual garden which he has made. Is that admirable type of scholar and gentleman—scholar all over, not merely in Latin verses and such like—threatened with extinction? Does it begin to seem antiquated to our young folk? Not to Arthur! I can answer for him: but he is only one.

I hope not. Our public schools are not laid out for commercial seminaries, and will only be beaten at that game if they try. But the humanities have survived the great Useful Knowledge illusion of sixty years ago—an illusion not lasting enough to disturb the slumbers of Aklis with a Master of the Event—and they seem healthy enough for a while yet. "And what do you make at your public schools?" said a worthy *Privat-dozent*, still a little hazy about the idiomatic use of his English verbs, to a well-trained gunner going back to Indian service from his leave. The carefully self-informing German had already ascertained that his examinee had passed into Woolwich from Marlborough. "Men," said the gunner. And the *Privat-dozent*, having discovered his mistake by further questioning, made a careful note on the annoying refinements of the English verbs *make* and *do*. This was the last time I went out, somewhere off Crete.

Arthur was fuller of Shipley's praises than ever when he was at home, and Margaret seemed as if it got on her nerves somehow. What does that mean?

If there be anything in so-called Christian Science, Laura will surely be very ill one of these days—I suppose it works both ways.

Your loving brother,

Richard.

XXXIV.

From Lady Etchingam, Thistle Hotel, Edinburgh, to Sir Richard Etchingam, 83 Hans Place.

My Dear Richard,—Kindly send me Mr. Weekes' address *at once*. The Fol-lits are away for their holidays—some-where abroad, I fancy—so there might be delay in receiving an answer from them. I should be obliged if Margaret would have my bronchitis kettle (the largest of the three) got out of the cup-

board in the Bath-room, where I hope it still is, *carefully packed*, and sent to me without losing a post to The Ocean Hotel, St. Kentigerns, N. B. (Grace must clean it thoroughly first.) I have not bronchitis at present, but my breathing since Sunday has not seemed quite free, and did I wait till an attack came on to write for the kettle it might reach me too late, and there is never any harm in being prepared.

We took some pretty drives at Glenfearn, but the air is terribly enervating, and it is scarcely a place to stay in. The food is very indifferent, and the attendance thoroughly bad. Elizabeth did not, I think, notice the pooriness of the accommodation. She seemed up in the clouds all the time. I was sorry that she should not have told us the day she went over to Dalruogh, but I positively had not the slightest idea of where she was going, and was more surprised than I can express when I heard from Blake, who asked the driver, where she had been. Neither I nor Cynthia know Dalruogh, and we should have enjoyed the drive. As it was, we wasted the day, which was one of the finest we have had. An old invalid gentleman from Bournemouth, with a very objectionable pushing young nurse, took the other landau, and I had to do without my daily drive.

It must have seemed odd to Mr. Fraser that, when we were all in the neighborhood, Elizabeth should be the only one of the party to call. As that pleasant Mrs. Le Marchant said, it might look as if we were not on good terms for Elizabeth to go off like that by herself. It is much better for people to keep together, and it makes less gossip.

This hotel is very well managed and the beds are good. We go on to St. Kentigerns to-morrow (Mrs. Le Marchant assured me that I might depend upon the east coast of Scotland being most bracing and invigorating), and we expect to be at home on Saturday.

Elizabeth will let Mrs. Baker know about dinner when she has looked out the trains. She has now gone off again to St. Gile's. If it can be managed, I shall take Cynthia to Holyrood before we leave. I suppose one ought to see it.

Colonel Newton's sudden death from heat apoplexy is very shocking. Perhaps Mrs. Newton now will be sorry that they did not get on better together. Here, too, it is excessively warm, but the weather may change.

I hope Margaret will see that the spout of the kettle is properly packed, and that the parcel is labelled "*Fragile*," "*With great care*," as well as "*Immediate*."

With kindest love,

Affectionately yours,

Laura F. Etchingham.

P. S.—Tell Margaret *without the spout* the kettle is *useless*, and Grace is so terribly heedless that she had better make sure herself that it is all sent and registered.

XXXV.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, 83 Hans Place, S.W., to the Dowager Lady Etchingham, Ocean Hotel, St. Kentigerna, N. B.

My Dear Laura,—I am sorry I cannot

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(To be continued.)

help you to Mr. Weekes' address, as I have not seen or heard anything of him since he left Much Buckland. Neither do I know Mr. Follett's present address. If you ascertain it and have occasion to write to him, please observe that he spells his name with an *e* and two *t*'s. He is an old-fashioned scholar and particular about such things.

Should Mrs. Le Marchant, with whom I have not the honor to be acquainted, or any other person, trouble you with any more conjectures as to Elizabeth's visit to Dalruogh, you have my authority to tell him or her that I am fully informed of Elizabeth's reasons, and that they are perfectly good.

We can find no bronchitis kettle here at all answering your description, but only an old kettle and a spout which do not fit one another. I should guess that your large kettle went with the rest of your luggage to Glenfearn and has been accidentally left there. If not, I should presume that "*white-smith*" is good Scots for a man who makes, or will make, bronchitis kettles, and that he and they are to be met with in Edinburgh.

London is particularly pleasant and healthy this summer, and cool for the time of year.

Yours affectionately,

Richard Etchingham.

A STUDY IN THE PAST.

The minor antiquities of the generations immediately preceding ours (says Professor Goldwin Smith), are becoming rare, as compared with those of remote ages, because nobody thinks it worth while to preserve them. It is almost as easy to get a personal memento of Priam or Nimrod as it is to get a harpsichord or a spinning wheel, a tinder box or a scratchback. An Egyptian wig is attainable, a wig of

the Georgian era is hardly so, much less a tie of the Regency. So it is with the scenes of common life a century or two ago. They are being lost because they were familiar.

These words are a fitting preface to, perhaps an apology for, this little study in the minor antiquities, the vanished habits and customs, which

are preserved for us in the pages of old novels, and which, but for these novels, would have passed almost without record. They contain no pictures of long past scenes drawn by those who never saw and can only conjecture of what they present to us. They are photographs, with all the fidelity which only photographs can possess. Their actuality is their charm.

Take the oldest of our readable old novels, the "Vicar of Wakefield." That most charming, that most careless and unfinished and yet perfect work is but little more than a century old—it was published, as every one knows, in 1766. "The thing has a hundred faults," says Goldsmith in his preface; and it has, but its faults are forgotten. The humor, the inimitable humor, is as fresh, as amusing, as suitable to the sense of humor now as when it was first written. Mrs. Primrose's delicious attempts at wit, the Vicar's wise sayings, are as fresh to-day as when they were first penned by him who wrote like an angel and sulked like a schoolboy in spite of the wisdom he indited. Is there any book from which we so often quote, whose aphorisms we so often recall? "What the conversation wanted in wit it made up in laughter." "Persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies." "Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding." "To tell the truth, I was tired of being always wise." "Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy, for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice." "I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those charming delusions that tend to make us more happy." "Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy."

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

These, and the like, have become proverbial philosophy, and the characters, too, are of to-day, age cannot stale their infinite freshness. Have we not all some Flamborough among our acquaintances, and are not his *longueurs* borne with the more patience because we remember those stories—"very long and very dull, and all about himself, which we had laughed at ten times before, but which we were kind enough to laugh at once more"—of the original Flamborough? And I suppose most of us know some controversial lady who pesters us with opinions diverse to our own, and for the support of which she is about as well equipped as was poor Olivia, who had read the controversy between Thwackum and Square, and between Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and who is dismissed by the Vicar with the delightful sarcasm which makes us, too, long to be able to dismiss our antagonist as neatly and as effectually. "Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl. I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

All these things are of to-day; the humor, the fidelity to human nature; and we suspect if a novel of the reign of the first Rameses were to be discovered to-morrow it would be the same. If the novelist had writ his annals true to then human nature we should find it was but little altered through the centuries. Tables and chairs and the dinner hour and the dishes might be different, but there would be a likeness in the characters to those of our acquaintances to-day.

But although much is the same, we find as we turn over the honored leaves of the "Vicar of Wakefield" once more that outward habits and customs are much altered, that some of the allusions are now

almost as hopelessly difficult to unravel as are Shakespeare's "desperate passages," to which even "Notes and Queries" can give no clue. The anodyne necklace, the sussarara, thunder and lightning cloth, for such things as these we need an annotator indeed.

In approaching these old novels from the side which we have indicated, the clothes in which the characters are arrayed will not unnaturally have some interest for us. Fashion, that fickle jade, dressed her votaries more gaily then than she does now, and made a more emphatic difference between sorts and conditions of men than cheap shops and modern equality will now permit her to do. The Primrose trains, on the descent of the family to a more lowly estate than that in which we first find them, are, by their father's request, cut up into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill; "and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing." The immortal figure of Moses going to the fair is arrayed in a coat of that thunder and lightning cloth to which we have already referred; his waistcoat is of gosling green; his sisters have tied up his hair with a broad black ribbon. The squire, when he goes a-hunting, has gold lace on his fine clothes; the ladies plaster their hair with pomatum and patch their faces to taste; they still love laces, ribbons, bugles and catgut, in spite of the Vicar's sumptuary edicts. "My wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her." In this year of grace few of us can say off hand whether a paduasoy is a cloak or a petticoat; and the "catgut," which is mentioned three times, has seemed to some even more hopelessly difficult of comprehension. One writer fondly, as he himself tells us, took "flourishing upon catgut" to mean playing on the fiddle, until Mr. Austin

Dobson unravelled the mystery by a quotation from an old dictionary, which explained catgut as a kind of canvas for ladies' embroidery. But Goldsmith himself told us as much when he makes Mrs. Primrose, with modest pride, rank working samplers on catgut as one of her daughter's accomplishments.

The first introduction of the simple family to the squire, that "new and great acquaintance," is like a scene on an old tapestry, enwrought with figures dim. They are sitting out under a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle, when, not twenty paces away, a stag bounds nimbly by, followed by dogs and horsemen. Here, indeed, is a picture which we have seen in some old house, in some tapestry that we remember. The colors are faded, the green trees are very dark, there is the dust of a century upon their leaves. But we can see the heavy horses, the great hunting horns, the huntsmen's long coats which once were so bright; the stag is in sight too, and the hounds, but they resemble none we see now. Perhaps we find it hard to transfer the picture to real life, hard to believe that when Goldsmith wrote stags bounded nimbly across fields where hares can only find a precarious existence to-day. But White of Selborne, writing a few years later, tells us that "the Holt was well stocked with fallow deer, unrestrained by any pales or fences more than a common hedge;" and although we may perhaps doubt the accuracy of the author of "Animated Nature" when he describes the wild England of his day, if White corroborates his statements we feel they are correct; there is no appeal from him.

But the horizon of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is necessarily somewhat limited; and passing by the pictures of the prison, a subject on which Goldsmith could not impose on his con-

temporaries, could not exaggerate with impunity, and which may well be taken as truthful pictures, we turn to Miss Burney. She writes of "the hub of the universe," London and its season, and we learn far more of manners and customs from her novels than we can learn from Goldsmith's eclogue. In looking through "Evelina" for the first time we are perhaps filled with some alarms at the cumbersome beginnings and endings of the letters. "I am with the utmost respect, Madam, your most obedient humble servant," writes a young lady to her intimate friend, her equal in all but years; and the friend signs herself in reply her faithful, humble servant. Lady Howard addresses Mr. Villars as "Dear and Rev. Sir," and is his most obedient friend and servant in more lines than we have space for. We tremble. Can any spark of real human interest lurk in letters which begin and end so differently to our own? We soon, indeed, find our mistake. There is the same heart dictating these lengthy letters as that which dictates the shorter and less ceremonious ones of to-day. But this is not the place to point out the charm of these novels. We are but searching for their curious revealings of the world of four generations ago.

"Evelina," Miss Burney's first novel, teaches us that the London season began and ended earlier than it does now. By April 2 the Opera had commenced, town was full; by June 18 it was empty, the country squires had gone down to their hay. Here is her impression of a London Sunday in the season. They go in the morning to Portland Chapel; in the afternoon to the "Mall of St. James' Park, which by no means answered my expectations. It is a long straight walk of dirty gravel, very uneasy to the feet, and at each end, instead of an open prospect, nothing is to be seen but houses built of brick. When Mrs. Mirvan pointed

out the *Palace* to me I think I was never much more surprised." And then "we are not to walk in the park again next Sunday, because there is better company in Kensington Gardens; but really if you had seen how much everybody was dressed you would not think it possible."

Kensington Gardens remind us that London was but a small place in those primitive days. Kensington is out of town: a "coach" is necessary to go to town from thence. Miss Edgeworth in her "Belinda," written twenty years later than "Evelina," incidentally reveals that there was a turnpike between Grosvenor Square and Knightsbridge; it was one of the entrances to London then!

Here is a glimpse of the shops of 1788. "They are really very entertaining," writes Evelina with all the delight of youth and ignorance. "There seem to be six or seven men belonging to every shop; and every one took care by bowing and smirking to be noticed. We were conducted from one to the other, and carried from room to room with so much ceremony that at first I was almost afraid to go on." And here we need the annotator again: "The dispatch with which they work in these great shops is amazing, for they have promised me a complete suit of linen against the evening." What was this "suit of linen?"

"I have just had my hair dressed," she writes presently. "You can't think how oddly my head feels, full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell, for my hair is so much entangled—*frizzled* they call it—that I fear it will be very difficult." Miss Burney is certainly giving us her own experience of *il faut souffrir pour être belle*.

Dining out seems to be a lengthy affair. We gather that they dine at

four, for Evelina writes: "Before our dinner was over yesterday Madame Duval came to tea; though it will lessen your surprise to hear that it was near five o'clock, for we never dine till the day is almost over." They dine at four; the guests stay to tea—tea set out on a round table in the drawing-room—and it is even on record in Miss Burney's pages that they stay to supper, and this at eleven o'clock—seven hours! Well may such dining-out as this be called, as she calls it, "spending the day." Visits of ceremony are made at breakfast time, or soon after, and traces of this strange custom linger into Miss Edgeworth's novels.

There is, of course, much formality. People staying in the same house, and on the most intimate terms with each other, send messages by their servants "to entreat the honor of an interview." Mrs. Delville, wishing to administer a well-deserved scolding to the irrepressible Honoria Pemberton, begs her "to do her the honor to attend her toilette," when the Mrs. Delvilles of to-day would be far less ceremonious. Every one is madam, or sir, or my lord; shaking hands seems almost unknown, but gentlemen kiss the ladies' hands as an ordinary salutation. Swords are worn at the opera. If a gentleman comes into the room with boots on, it is a solecism requiring to be chronicled. There is more state, more splendor; there are more servants. Young ladies have a footman of their own, as well as a maid; they cannot go out in London without his attendance. Evelina is ushered upstairs by an array of gorgeous footmen in the house of a man whose fortune would now allow of but two at the most. The coaches drive up to the doors with such pomp, such an air; they drive along streets and squares which we all know—Queen Anne street, Berkeley square, Portman square—but there are no such gilded

coaches, no such brilliant liveries now.

If ladies in the country visit cottages on their estate the poor people are frightened out of their wits at such unexpected events; they did not run in then as a thing of course to see old Cole or Mrs. Hughes, to bring them contingent remainders purloined from luncheon tables. "Away we went in the chaise full drive to the cottage," says Lady Honoria in "Cecilia," "frightening all the people almost into fits. Out came the poor woman, away ran the poor man; both of them thought the end of the world was at hand."

Phaetons, any mode of conveyance but a cumbersome coach or "chaise," are a new thing, an excitement; only the *jeunesse dorée* drive about in them. They take terrified ladies out for drives, ladies who are fatigued to death by the novelty of the swift driving, the dust, the heat. Their amateur coachmen run races along the roads with these new toys; the law does not concern itself with furious driving on the highway yet, or is in the state of feebleness and uncertainty on the subject that magistrates and judges in these days betray with regard to bicyclists and furious riding. "We met Mr. Lovel in his new phaeton," says Lady Agatha, "and my lord was so cruel as to drive against it. We really flew. I declare I could not breathe. Upon my word I'll never trust myself with you again, I won't indeed." But one of Lord Orville's charms is that he forbears to frighten sensitive ladies when he drives; "he drove very slow and so cautiously that, notwithstanding the height of the phaeton, fear would have been ridiculous." They are all gone now, these cumbersome, old-fashioned vehicles, which seemed so glorious in Miss Burney's pages. Time has obliterated them as effectually as did Jupiter their namesake coachman.

And yet, in spite of the greater display, the more numerous servants, the more decorated carriages, and the brighter liveries, there was homeliness in the midst of display. At one of Lady Delacour's brilliant "assemblies" Sir Philip Baddeley "cannot think of anything more interesting, more amusing, to whisper into Belinda's ear than, "Don't you think the candles want snuffing famously?" And we must realize a London without gas, without electric light, with a blaze, indeed, of candles in the "elegant" drawing-rooms, but even those need snuffing. And then the dinners. The dishes are placed on the table; the master of the house must carve for his guests himself. The food, too, is very solid, very heavy. No old novel that I can at present recollect gives a bill of fare; but many old country houses can produce records of these dinners of our ancestors, where "roast" at one end and "boiled" at the other were varied by equally heavy side dishes and sweets. I remember one such old book of dinners now; the guests, the dishes, are faithfully chronicled. But not in parenthesis must its contents be made public. It deserves more attention indeed.

And without any doubt the world is less brutal than it was when Miss Burney wrote. Captain Mirvan's treatment of Madame Duval is a picture of brutality which apparently amused that generation, but which can only disgust in this. It is as impossible now as is the villany of a Montani. Cecilia walking down "Oxford Road," her footman behind her, turns aside because she meets a gang of wretched criminals going to Tyburn, where is now the Marble Arch—criminals in an open cart surrounded by a pleased rabble—and the sight hardly distresses her, although the possible inconvenience of the crowd does. Lord Merton and Lovel setting the two old women

to race, the ladies looking on, would be an impossible scene now.

But leaving Miss Burney we come to Miss Austen, whose novels—too few, alas—were all written between 1811 and 1816. The forty years between "Evelina" and "Pride and Prejudice" were years of immense progress. Miss Burney is not free from the exaggerations of character which then formed part of the novelist's art, although she is free from the improbable incidents which are one of the charms of Mrs. Radclyffe's works, and which Miss Austen smiled away by her parody of the three villains in horsemen's coats, by whom the heroine is forced into a travelling chaise and four and driven off at incredible speed; of the house left deserted and uninhabited for years, and to which the family comes back unexpectedly without giving notice, and sleep without fear in rooms and in beds which have been unoccupied since their departure. But her characters are exaggerated to a fault, and many of them are burlesques, while Miss Austen's are such as we meet every day—men and women of like passions with ourselves. It is, indeed, painting the lily and adorning the rose to point out the perfections of her who is all perfection; but we read somewhere of some one who had known beings erect on two legs and bearing the outward semblance of men and women, and of men and women of education, who had not read Miss Austen, and to such, if such still exist, we hint at her perfections. "Have you," says Jowett, "thoroughly made yourselves up in Miss Austen, the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and Boswell? No person is educated who does not know them." Of Miss Burney or Mrs. Radclyffe ignorance is excusable. They are still buried in old editions, the paper yellow and perhaps "foxed," in the language of book catalogues; but the new editions of the immortal Jane vie with

each other in their variety and their charm.

But to return to our subject. Miss Austen writes at the beginning of this century and not, as the other novelists we have been considering, at the end of the last. We expect, therefore, a change in manners and customs, and we find it, although we have not yet reached the manners and customs or the thoughts of our own days. One indication of this change is seen in the curious rage for doing away with old things, old furniture, old houses, which was just commencing in "Cecilia," and was in full force when Miss Austen wrote "Mansfield Park." In "Cecilia" Honoria Pemberton recommends Mr. Delville to sell the castle and "run up a mighty pretty little box near Richmond."

"Can you possibly think," she asks, "this ugly old Gothic place at all comparable to any of the new villas about town?"

"Gothic ugly old place!" repeated Mr. Delville, in utter amazement at her dauntless flightiness. "Your ladyship really does my humble dwelling too much honor."

But Mr. Delville was in the minority. The world was pulling down its old houses and building more convenient dwelling-places; building, perhaps in imitation of the old, with Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, but anxious to have something lighter and more modern looking than *bond fide* old walls and windows. By Miss Austen's time it would really have destroyed that drawbridge which "vaped" one to death; and Mr. Rushworth's proposal to cut down the avenue at Sotherton was no unusual proceeding in a generation which had no reverence for the past and was given to landscape gardening.

I said that none of the old novels give a bill of fare. But I must not forget the famous supper in "Emma," that homely

delightful little meal which, with four o'clock dinners, has vanished from us. All lovers of Miss Austen will remember how the little table was set out and moved towards the fire in the Hartfield drawing-room, will remember the minced chicken, the scalloped oysters, and Mr. Woodhouse's feelings in sad warfare at these times.

He loved to have the cloth laid, because it had been the fashion of his youth; but his conviction of suppers being very unwholesome made him rather sorry to see anything put on it; and while his hospitality would have welcomed his guests to everything, his care for their health made him grieve that they should eat.

Some further notion of what was eaten at the little homely meal is gathered from Mr. Woodhouse's next speech:—

"Miss Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled soft is not unwholesome. Serle understands boiling an egg better than anybody. I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else; but you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see; one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help you to a little bit of tart—a *very* little bit. Ours are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you to half a glass of wine? A *small* half glass put into a tumbler of water?"

Scalloped oysters, minced chicken, apple tart, boiled eggs. What a strange meal it is! And yet there is a coziness, a childish simplicity about it which is delightful.

In Miss Austen's pages we still find that early calls are the fashion, as they were in Miss Burney's days, although hardly as early as those breakfast visits which have so much surprised us. But the four, or half-past four, o'clock dinners necessitated their earliness, as they necessitated too those *petits soupers*

of "Emma." There is one such visit described in "Pride and Prejudice;" and there the young and shy mistress of the house has to be reminded by her older friend to ring for "the cold meat, cake and fruits," for the refreshment of the guests, which seem to have been as much a necessary part of a visit as is afternoon tea with us. Some lingering remains of this custom, filtered down to lower life, is still found in the farm-houses of the West, where the good wife offers cake and cider or home-made wine, and at Christmas time mince pies, to her visitors.

In Miss Austen, as in Miss Burney, we have a mixture of homeliness and ceremony, both of which have passed away. Mr. Bennett's horses in "Pride and Prejudice," when not needed to draw the heavy family carriage, are employed in farm work; and our surprise at this is lessened when we recollect that clipping and singeing were both unknown. But if the horses were, to our modern ideas, wild in their attire, they were much more plentiful. Edmond Bertram, a cadet of a careful family, has three horses of his own, and we have many indications that four horses to a private carriage were by no means uncommon. General Tilney sets off from Bath in a fashionable chaise and four, postillions handsomely liveried, rising so regularly in their stirrups, and numerous outriders properly mounted. But the progress of all this grandeur is slow, "the sober pace in which the handsome, highly-fed horses of a gentleman usually perform a journey of thirty miles." And bye-and-bye, compared with Henry's light curricule (phaetons are gone by now), Catherine finds it but a heavy and troublesome business in spite of its wheeling off with some grandeur.

Much more, indeed, might be said on vanished manners and customs; but time would fail, and, indeed, in turning over the pages of these old novels

for indications of the changes which have so insensibly crept in, we are led unconsciously to consider the different view of life which these novels reveal to us. To take one subject alone—the education of girls, which is assuming such gigantic proportions in our own days. Miss Burney has but little to say on the subject, but her favorite heroine, Cecilia, furnishes herself "with a well-chosen collection of books, and this employment, which, to a lover of literature, young and ardent in its pursuit, is perhaps the mind's first luxury, proved a source of entertainment so fertile and delightful that it left her nothing to wish." A mild course of literature loved for its own sake, and not as a means of passing examinations, was all that an educated woman then aimed at. Then Miss Edgeworth comes forward with, for her day, very advanced opinions on the subject of women's education. Her contemporary, Jane Austen, has a less ambitious ideal, and consequently her children are not forward little prigs like the young Percivals, nor, happily, are her young ladies replete with "solid information, moral philosophy, and natural history," as are Rosamond and Laura.

Mrs. Goddard (writes Miss Austen in "Emma") was the mistress of a school, not of a seminary or an establishment, or anything which professed, in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combine liberal acquirements with elegant morality upon new principles and new systems, and where young ladies, for enormous pay, might be screwed out of health and into vanity—but a real, honest, old-fashioned boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold at a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to be out of the way and to scramble themselves into a little education without any danger of coming back prodigies.

This is all that Miss Austen wishes or hopes for in the way of education.

and before we condemn her, let us ask ourselves whether her young ladies, if they have less education, have not more cultivation than those turned out by modern systems? "Without being prodigies," her heroines are the most companionable of women, capable of rational and interested conversation on what they have read, or, indeed, on

any subject which is presented to them; and they have a really disinterested desire of making themselves unselfishly agreeable, a consideration for others which the coarser, rougher life of what we may call public school education does not always produce in the girls of the present day.

Temple Bar.

"MORS, MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

Like mariners we sail, of fate unwist,
With orders sealed and only to be read
When home has faded in the morning mist,
And simple faith and innocence are fled!

Of't we neglect them, being much dismayed
By phantoms and weird wonders
That haunt the deep,
By voices, winds, and thunders,
Old mariners that cannot pray nor weep,
And faces of drowned souls that cannot sleep!
Or else our crew is mutinous, arrayed
Against us, and the mandate is delayed.

But when the forces that rebelled
Are satisfied or quelled;
When sails are trimmed to catch the merry wind,
And billows dance before and foam behind;
Free, free at last from tumult and distraction
Of pleasure beckoned and of pain repelled—
Free from ourselves and disciplined for action—
We break the seal of Destiny to find
The bourne or venture for our cruise designed,
Then, at that very moment, hark! a cry
On deck; and then a silence, as of breath
Held. In the offing, low against the sky,
Hoves the black flag. . . Therefore I hate thee, Death!

F. B. Money-Coutts.

SOME WOMEN POETS.

II.

We come now to the subject matter of women poets, to what it is they want to say, whether it is worth saying, and to what extent it is effective. Mainly they express themselves, the woman's point of view, and what women appear to themselves to be. There are, broadly speaking, two standpoints from which one may look at the world: the abstract point, from which self, in so far as it is possible to eliminate self, is eliminated; and the individual standpoint, from which life as it affects one's own being is the principal consideration. It would be inaccurate to say that the woman's outlook upon life is, as a general rule, more egotistical than the man's; but one might hazard the more negative proposition that women, in their writings, attain less frequently to an abstract consideration of life than do men: and it is possible that this fact, assuming it to be a fact, may be accounted for on the same ground as that taken up with regard to the note of sincerity in women poets, namely, that the poetry of women is of recent growth. For literature begins with the epic, in which man, natively egotistical, though contentedly un-selfconscious, takes the world simply as a background to the record of battles, triumphs, and adventures which to him represent the purpose and the sum of life; and it may be that modern woman, though actively self-conscious, may nevertheless, in her first expression of herself, have this much in common with the earliest poets, that the self appears the centre of the universe. Life, in its conditions and its aims, has changed since Homeric days; changed so that the bulk of poetic expression is no longer epic in form: the habit of

analysis sets the seal of inward impression upon the record of outward events; and the natural expression of a self-conscious view of life is lyrical. Joanna Baillie, indeed, the pioneer poet of her sex, wrote plays, and she is by no means the only woman who has produced dramatic work (though, be it observed in passing, the dialogue form does not ensure drama, any more than the narrative form makes the epic); but the mass of women poets speak lyrically, or, if not in strictly lyrical form, reflectively; for when a woman has the dramatic instinct, she as a rule sets down her conceptions in narrative prose, writes, in fact, a novel; and the novel, indeed, when it is dramatic in treatment, is perhaps the nearest approach to an epic that the times permit of. Take, for instance, the Brontës. Poets in soul, their creative faculty declared itself in imaginary characters, so forcibly depicted that they are alive with a life of their own, moving through narratives so frequently dramatic, so full of passion and of human interest, that the world surely will never let them die. But the narratives are in prose: when the Brontës spoke in verse they spoke lyrically; and it is notable that, while Charlotte was the greater dramatist, inasmuch as her range of character drawing was wider than Emily's, her atmosphere more varied, Emily's lyrics are the finer.

But, apart from the question of what form predominates in women's verse, it is undoubtedly the lyrical element in it which is the most forcible, and has produced the greatest effect upon literature and thought. No doubt, in dealing with the question of women's contributions to literature, it is difficult to separate cause and effect, difficult even to determine precisely which is

which; for who is to say whether expression is the outcome of a certain stage of social development, or whether certain tendencies of the times are due to the fact that women have become articulate? But whichever way it be, it is certain that the utterances of women have influenced both the thought and the writings of men. If we look back to the period before which women's voices were audible, and compare it with our own, we shall find that there is a far greater difference between the heroines of romance of the past and present than there is between the heroes. The heroes of the past, though other than those of the present, were yet various in type and individual in character; whereas the women were of only two kinds, the wholly good woman and the wholly bad; the men were compounded of flesh, but the women were made of wood. They belong to a time when Byron's statement that love is woman's whole existence might have been supplemented by the further statement that it was her only claim to any existence at all in the lives of men. She was a being to be loved and protected, and in return she was to love with unselfish and unfaltering devotion: that was the good type, and it endures in the works of Thackeray and Dickens; or she was faithless, the embodiment of temptation, possibly a shrew—and in any case she was unreasoning—submissive or cunning as she was angelic or the reverse. That was the man's conception of woman in her silence; and it is only since she has found in art the means of declaring her nature, its complexities and inconsistencies, its contending forces of good and evil, that she has, in the works of men, ceased to be a lay figure and become alive. Here and there a genius like Shakespeare, glancing "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," and perceiving the inherent elements in things created, has fashioned a human

woman, a woman who has eaten the apple and is yet within the garden; but in the female characters of most of the literature of the past will be found Eve before her temptation, or after she has been driven forth from Eden and is held responsible for the fall of man.

But women, taking up the poet's lyre, and finding that they can draw melody from the strings, have sung divers songs, telling of the world as it appears to them, of that in it which they deem pitiful or joyful, unjust, desirable, worthy of love or of scorn; and, singing thus of the world and what it means to them, have shown themselves as they are.

And this brings us to the third consideration arising from the fact that the poetry of women is of recent development, the consideration, namely, that women have awakened to artistic existence in an age not primitive, as when the earliest poets began to sing, but in a stage of advanced civilization, in a day of subtle emotions, of conflicting tendencies, of highly-strung nerves, of intellectual unrest. Life is not simple now, as in the days of prompt warfare, of quick passions and swift revenge; the line between right and wrong is less sharply defined, duties are less obvious though more insistent, self-consciousness opens the door to morbid imaginations, and wider views take from the unhesitating certainty ensured by a single point of vision. In these days women have, for the first time in any number, added their voices to the voices of men, and the treble note, quivering with the desire of utterance, has made itself felt in the chorus. It was tentative at first, strung to the conventional pitch laid down by tradition; for women, beginning to write, unconsciously painted themselves from the models they found ready made in existing literature; and when they spoke not of the beauties of Nature, the main burden of their song

was limited to the sorrows of the maiden, faithful and forgiving, dying from the desertion of the lover, of the mother mourning the child, or the child the mother; to the theme of the woman virtuous, or, if not virtuous, deserving of all suffering and contempt. It was later on, when expression, by dint of usage, had become a more familiar tool, that the desire after it became fraught with self-consciousness, and women, looking inwards upon their own hearts and temperaments, as well as outwards on the traditional examples of poetry and themselves, began to realize what it was they really wanted to say. Then came the positively womanly note, as distinct from the acceptedly feminine, and variety of temperament declared itself amidst the distinguishing characteristics of sex. We do not wish, be it noted here, to insist too strongly upon these characteristics, or to institute comparisons between the mental attitude and achievements of men and women; on the contrary, it is because women in their writings have shown themselves to be compounded so much more nearly of the same materials as men than would seem to be the case from men's presentment of them in the literature of bygone days, that their portraiture of themselves is peculiarly interesting. It must be remembered, of course, that in those other days, women were doubtless simpler than they are now; the narrow interests, the limited sphere, the few opportunities of development, which were theirs in former times, had much to do, not only with what they seemed to their painters to be, but with what they actually were; and had they become articulate a century sooner than they did, no doubt the poems they wrote would have been very different in feeling, aspiration, and intention from those which are the outcome of a later period. Complex, ardent, hungering after knowledge and experience, the modern

woman is very far away from the grandmother who seemed to be content with a limited education, domestic interests, wifehood at twenty and caps at thirty. One wonders if they were better, those women, or only less frank, than the daughters who, speaking out of themselves in a restless age, have declared themselves to be not wholly saints or sinners, or goddesses or housekeepers, but creatures made somewhat after the fashion of men, with good and bad mingled in the same nature, the battleground of opposing impulses, combining high aims with small ambitions, desiring good, yet allured by evil. Such is the heroine of latter-day literature, depicted by the writers of both sexes; but while, in the case of men writers, it was after a long course of poetic achievement, begun in simpler days, that there was added to their conception of woman woman's conception of herself, women, entering into their corner of the poets' kingdom, were surrounded at the very outset of their artistic existence by the complex tendencies of an advanced age. To both, in one sense, belongs, besides the poet's imagination and perception, which are of no time, but of all time, that heritage of accumulated thought and experience which increases with the ages; for it must never be forgotten that every woman has had a father, as every man has had a mother: but yet it would seem as if the women poets of the day, attempting to attain, and attaining, on the whole, to a lower standard of beauty of form than that reached by their brother singers, have nevertheless in a greater measure some of the attributes of youth than these, that they are more in earnest, more vigorous in substance, stronger in impulse. There may be faults of immaturity in women's poetry, but there are few traces of decadence: the woman poet, born into an old world, is still young; and though, giving voice to the cravings, the

restlessness, the complicated ideas and aims arising out of her own rapidly developing nature, and the times in which that development takes place, she may be sometimes unduly emotional and exaggerated in sentiment, the fact that her utterances are the outcome of a genuine impulse makes her worth listening to, makes her, too, certain of a hearing.

It is interesting to note the growth of self-consciousness in the writings of women. In the beginning, as has been already remarked, they wrote from what might be termed the conventional point of view, representing the world as they had been taught to consider it, looking at life objectively, choosing as subjects its more prominent aspects. Later on, the highways of outlined delineation and simple reflection are forsaken for the more intricate paths of a subtler analysis, and the distinctively womanly note becomes increasingly audible: for, while there is no sex, as there is no impress of individual experience and opinion, in the highest flights of poetry, there are always sex, opinion and experience in a point of view, and in lyric expression a point of view is almost inevitable.

Let us begin with Joanna Baillie, well to the fore in the ranks of women poets; prominent in this, that she was amongst the first women who wrote, was the first who produced poetry considerable in amount, and that what she produced was also considerable in merit. Born nearly a hundred and forty years ago, the language she uses is the language of another day than ours; more stately, of a stricter rule, more temperate in term, more measured in expression. She uses this language well: a wide vocabulary, discreetly chosen and aptly applied, marches, metrically correct, in blank verse which has both dignity and force, or, in rhymed stanzas in which the rhymes are almost invariably tuneful

and the rhythm is always smooth. The largest part of her writings consists of plays, but only the tragedies and dramas are in verse; the comedies are in prose. Whether they are good acting plays, excellent in stagecraft, it is not our province to determine, but that they contain dramatic situations, dramatically treated, is undoubted. Take the scene in "The Family Legend," in which Maclean comes, falsely mourning the wife whom he supposes to have been murdered, to the castle of her father, Argyll. It is dramatically conceived and dramatically treated; short and sharp, the climax treads close upon the heels of expectation; and the reality of eager impatience in the host and his retinue is shown by the author in allowing but little time to the actors to play with the situation. The treatment, in a word, is not theatrical, but dramatic. The women in these plays conform generally to the type accepted of the times; they serve men with unfaltering devotion or are stumbling-blocks in their career; though now and again, as in the character of Victoria in "Basil," the creative instinct of the author, ignoring the dictates of tradition, vivifies the dry bones of type with some of the inconsistencies of the flesh. Yet, speaking generally, though the first woman poet held a recognized position amongst the writers of her generation, her poetry exercised little influence on the thought or tendencies of that generation. Dowered with the gift of dramatic consciousness, the consciousness of self was in abeyance; the questioning note, the introspective and analytical impulses which led to a new revelation of the needs and nature of women, had no part in her writings; and, accepted by her contemporaries as worthy of a poet's place, she gained and held that place as an exponent of current ideas, not as an innovator.

Born three decades later than Joanna

Baillie, Felicia Hemans passed out of the world fifteen years before the elder poet, and as the life of the one was thus covered by that of the other, they may be called contemporaries. But the thirty years of difference in their ages are not without their effect upon the mental attitude of the younger; for while Joanna Baillie is altogether of the last century, Mrs. Hemans belongs, in some ways, to the new. The touch of pedantry is still apparent in her writings, and she is correctly feminine; indeed, that she was feminine in her point of view, handling of subjects, and methods of expression, seems to have been the merit for which, according to the reviews of the times, she was chiefly esteemed: but her vocabulary and phraseology are more modern in character than are those of her forerunner, her range of subjects is wider, inasmuch as it includes the simpler facts and aspects of every-day life, her method of treatment is less artificial. She, too, wrote plays, but they are not essentially dramatic: her true sphere was that of sentiment, refined, thoughtful, and a trifle obvious. She had more learning than imagination, was more cultured than original; but many of the poems which found a place in the affections of her contemporaries have survived till the present day, and existence is a test of vitality.

Mrs. Browning followed close upon Mrs. Hemans, but in style, in thought, in her outlook upon life, she would seem to belong to another era. Beginning with the century, she began, it is true, in somewhat stilted fashion. Her first poems are artificial, rather than artistic, cast in the mould of recognized poetical thought and language; and it was only later on, when her heart was touched, that her poetical being quickened into veritable potency. The Brontës, contemporaries of Mrs. Browning, though in no way her rivals, as they won their fame in

another field, wrote, however, besides their novels, a certain number of poems. Curiously unsophisticated are these poems; trite often in sentiment and commonplace in diction, they are, for the most part, neither strikingly original nor essentially poetic. There is thought in them, and fancy, but the imagination of their authors found a full outlay only in prose romance; and we must endorse Charlotte's verdict in her preface to "*Wuthering Heights*," that the poems of Ellis Bell contain all that is worth preserving of the poetry of the sisters. But Emily has written some verses which deserve to live; and there is a lilt in her lines and a quaintness in her fancy which seem to say that poetry, had she lived to write more of it, might have become with her the fitting instrument of a genuine inspiration. She possesses that distinction which is the inevitable outcome of original conception; original in the sense that it is born in the brain of the writer, and is, therefore, in its freshness and spontaneity, unaffected by the fact that it may have been thought and expressed already a dozen times by a dozen different people.

We come now to the noon-day of modern poetical tendencies. The poets of the Victorian age, brushing aside tradition, made new schemes of verse, a new use of language, a new vocabulary; and by the time that women poets were no longer few but many, the English of Joanna Baillie had passed away and another mode of expression reigned in its stead. To Christina Rossetti, greatest of women poets, it is hardly necessary, in this connection, to refer; partly because her style and the merits of it have already been commented upon; and partly because, using English in a way of her own, making of it an instrument strong, beautiful, and adequate, but simple, eminently the reverse of ponderous, admirable in its union of delicacy and force, she

gives to it a character which bears the impress of herself rather than of any particular period. Augusta Webster, ten years her junior, and writing in the days when the newer tongue was firmly established, uses this tongue with facility, but without any great distinction. Her lyrics hardly rise above the commonplace, and—to pierce through the shell of language to the kernel of its being, thought—when she reflects, she is apt to moralize. The best of the lyrics is "To One of Many," more spontaneous in feeling, stronger in utterance, than the rest; but the gist of what she has to say is interspersed in her longer poems, which, though hardly great as a whole, contain many fine ideas, and some that mark an onward step in the growth of that self-consciousness which, according to our theory, is partly the origin and partly the result of the poetical expression of women. In her the woman speaks, the woman who is beginning to recognize her own complexities.

'Tis only loveless wives who must not
fret,
For fear of being understood—indeed
For fear of understanding their own
selves.

This is far away from Joanna Baillie and the heroines of her day. Then, loveless wives hid their lovelessness, suffered in shame and silence what fate or folly had brought them, died dumb and uncomplaining; but here there is a note of rebellion, of bitterness, an implied protest against the assumption that a woman's happiness is ensured by the fulfilment of her duty. And the note sounds on: amidst much written by women in the last fifty years of a kind purely poetical, dramatically or intellectually impersonal, one catches every now and again the strain of self-consciousness, hears, more or less distinctly, the flutter of wings against the cage-bars of custom or cir-

cumstance. That the note is a questioning one does not make it any the less positive, since enquiry comes often nearer the truth than does assertion: and when this, the analytical and the more forcible element, is absent, there is still much in the poetry of women which reveals by implication their general attitude towards life, their intellectual and moral conception of its meaning. Harriet Hamilton King belongs to this latter class. Her chief poem, "The Disciples," is narrative in form, and the gem of it, "The Sermon in the Hospital," is calm in atmosphere, and, though reflective in character, is untouched by lyrical self-consciousness. It is, indeed, the wrongs of nations, of humanity in the mass, and not her individual needs and emotions, which inspire the author's strongest utterances; but while she paints her heroes brave, devoted, and inflexible, one is sensible, behind the daring deeds of men, of the woman's ideal of fortitude. Resignation plays a part in this ideal; not in its false form of apathy induced by indifference or forgetfulness, but in the rarer nobility of dignified submission to the inevitable; and endurance is a part of valor.

There is but little calm in the poetry of Constance Naden. The spirit of the metaphysician breathes throughout her works, questioning and restless. If we except those verses, which, aiming at comedy, attain but to a poor semblance of mirth, the burden of her utterance is Whence, Whither, Why?—and though she seems sometimes to answer the questions, one feels that she never answers herself. Here is the poetry of thought rather than of feeling; viewing the world subjectively, the self that speaks is less the self of the woman than of the philosopher; and though philosopher and poet are not, in their essence, conflicting, but one, the problem in her poems sometimes, yet by no means always, mars the poetry.

If Constance Naden is the poet of intellectual enquiry, Adelaide Procter is emphatically the singer of sentiment. There is in her verse little of the restlessness, of the subtler emotions and desires which characterize in an increasing degree the poetry of more recent days. Her writings are not of the kind to alter or disturb ruling ideas; she is the mouthpiece of current feeling, not a prophet giving voice to the dawning desires of the future. Very gentle is her muse; resignation waits always upon sorrow; forgiveness treads close on injury; and love is tenderness, not passion. Her style is straightforward and clear, but hardly distinguished; language is to her simply a vehicle of expression, and she is not particular in her choice of words or the sound and run of her phrases. Writing for the mass of her sisters, her attitude towards life is that of the majority of women, touched by the light of the ideal; and the form in which she embodies her conceptions and her thoughts is of less importance to her than that what she writes out of the fulness of her heart should reach the hearts of her audience.

Mathilde Blind strikes a more individual note, with more of fervor in it and more of romance. She is not content with things as they are; to her sorrow is less a teacher than a foe to be fought with; and love is the light of life, its absence death and darkness. She feels the vanity of things created, and longs after something which shall still the hunger of her nature; but, unlike Constance Naden, it is the heart rather than the mind in her which craves satisfaction; and in her best verses the poet finds her material in the emotions of a woman. Unequal in power of expression, halting sometimes in metre, there is much of her work which bears the poet's mark, and at times her form is adequate to her intention. "Love's Completeness" is one

of her short poems which shows her at her best; and her best entitles her to an honorable place in her sisterhood.

Jean Ingelow has one of the highest attributes of artistic excellence, an atmosphere of her own. Her readers are conscious of it, and breathe it with her; and she shows creative power, not by merely having her own world, but by the fact that she can make others see and feel and enter into it for a while. Much acute observation goes to the fashioning of this world, observation of the moods and aspects as well as the facts and objects of nature, together with a strong conviction of the reality of existence and a persuasion that its aims are worth pursuing, its ideals worth striving after. She takes no mystic view of life; hills and trees, the murmur of streams, the daintiness of flowers, the glory of the sunset and the dawn, are to her not symbols, but exist in and for themselves; she speaks of them cheerily and tenderly, with an aptness of epithet due to knowledge and a wealth of delight in them born of love:—

What change has made the pastures
sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the
sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

These lines indicate her attitude towards nature; and her outlook on humanity is the same in kind, healthful and hopeful, free from morbidity, touched with the freshness of a spirit which seems to have drunk of the elixir of youth. Not that she is blind to the sad side of life; and she, too, strikes now and again the self-conscious note, the realization by women of the restrictions imposed upon them by custom and their own nature, as witness the lines:—

Our life is checked with sorrows manifold:

But woman has this more—she may not call

Her sorrow by its name.

But there is never despair in her grieving; and the evil in the outer world finds no place in that which she has made for herself.

A considerable portion of E. Nesbit's poetry is in narrative form. Legend is dear to her, and the romance that clings to the ashes of dead days calls to her, with a voice she cannot resist; to kindle the dull embers into flame again. A certain dramatic sense enables her to carry out the behest successfully, but rather as regards the spirit than the letter; for while her legendary poems call up the pictures she desires to paint, she rarely adopts, in the form of her verses, the wording, phrasing, and metre of them, the special characteristics of the ballad: they are legends rendered in modern verse, rather than ballads in their essence. But the chief value of her work is not to be found in her narrative poems; it is the lyrics which bear the burden of what she has to say. In the lyrics she sounds repeatedly the modern note of independence, the woman's desire for freedom; and she gives this desire as the subtle thing it is; not a wish for independence in itself, but the intermittent longing of the self-conscious woman of later days for the capacity of living her life alone; an impatience, not only of the control of the man, but of that in her which urges submission to his domination:—

To escape, yes, even from you,
My only love, and be
Alone and free.

Could I only stand
Between gray moor and gray sky
Where the wind and the plovers cry,
And no man is at hand.
And feel the free wind blow
On my rain-wet face, and know

I am free—not yours—but my own.
Free—and alone!

There sounds the characteristic note, of longing after freedom, of escape, not necessarily from unhappy wifehood or from the limitations of convention or custom, but from the voluntary bondage of the woman's nature; for look at the ending of this poem, "The Woman's World":—

I cannot breathe, cannot see;
There is "us," but there is not "me"—
And worst, at your kiss, I grow
Contented so.

The note is rarely so clear as in the above poem, and there are many of the lyrics in which it does not sound at all; yet one is conscious in most of the author's lyrical work of an element of dissatisfaction, a sense, too undefined, perhaps, of conviction, that love, marriage, and maternity are insufficient in themselves to fill a woman's life, that her nature craves a wider scope for its development than is afforded by these, that she is, indeed, hardly justified in being contented with the happiness which concerns and satisfies her womanhood alone, and ignoring or neglecting a larger world of suffering, endeavor, perplexities, and sin.

This consciousness of pain in the outer world is evident also in the poems of Mary Robinson; distinctly formulated in some, notably in her "Prelude," latent in many; and in combination with a great tenderness towards human wrongs and suffering Madame Darmesteter possesses a strong love of nature and a true sympathy with its manifestations. She has a musical ear, and is happy, too, in her selection of words and metres; and this, the charm of sound, leads us to speak of the writer who, perhaps, of all women poets, bears the palm for beauty of utterance.

Mrs. Meynell has the sense of metre, and not only of metre but of rhythm, and not only of rhythm

but, of cadence; and added to all this she is singularly happy in phrase, discreet in vocabulary, apt as well as picturesque in simile. The restraint of strength is hers, and her emotion is so well controlled, her thought so definite, that the expression of the one is never exaggerated, of the other is never obscure. The slur of sentimentality is absent from her pages; dainty or forcible, sad or impassioned, the song she sings is never hysterical or sickly; and the judgment of the artist directs the eloquence of the poet. Her sonnet, "Renouncement," is too well known to call for quotation; but there is a line in it which must be cited as containing a word used with rare felicity:—

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day.

Difficult is a word which both in sound and sense has little kinship with poetical usage, but one feels that in this instance it is the one word which is exactly appropriate. It carries so much meaning; that it should be at the same time apt and unusual lends it distinction; and even the superfluous syllable adds merit to the metre. Mrs. Meynell uses the superfluous syllable fairly frequently, and always with just effect; the cadences in the poem, "To the Beloved Dead," prove, indeed, that she has full understanding of the measure and melody of words:—

Beloved, thou art like a tune that idle fingers

Play on a window-pane.

The time is there, the form of music lingers;

But O thou sweetest strain,

Where is thy soul? Thou liest I' the wind and rain.

The rest of the poem is equally beautiful, in thought as well as in form; and the imagery of it is consistently maintained throughout, as are also the delicate tenderness of the tone and the

yearning wistfulness of the sentiment. And is there not a grave beauty, both in the conception and wording of this?—

Farewell has long been said; I have foregone thee;

I never name thee even.

But how shall I learn virtue and yet shun thee?

For thou art so near Heaven

That heavenward meditations pause upon thee.

The temptation to quote is great when there is so much that is quotable; but we must pass on from this deft mistress of expression to the poems of a young writer whose life ended when her artistic career had barely begun. The poems of Amy Levy are shadowed by a morbid strain: they are a cry rather than song. Not destitute of reflective power and with a measure of dramatic intuition, the sad side of life, its emptiness, weariness, disappointments, has so impressed itself upon her heart and brain that her eyes are all but blind to the sunlight. It would be unwarrantable to charge her dramatic utterances with personal significance, but the subjects chosen for these utterances are always the same in kind, the speakers have all found life sad or bitter; and in the lyrics there is still the wail of the minor key. She was a poet at heart, and speaks with poet's words and by and through the smiles and fancies of a poet; but it would seem that the spirit in her was bruised, and when she died her wings had not grown strong enough to lift her outside and beyond herself.

There are many other women—poets, or the writers of rhymes and verse—whom it is not possible to discuss here; in the past, even, they are not a few; and in present days their ranks are enlarged every month. Mrs. Norton and Eliza Cook; the delicate sentimentality of L. E. L., and the obvious reflectiveness of Mrs. Pfeiffer; Isa Blagden and

Isa Craig-Knox; Katherine Tynan and Mrs. Radford; Lady Wilde and M. B. Smedley; there is neither time nor space to speak of all these. And amongst the newer singers are many the mention of whose merits must be limited to the mention of their names. Violet Fane has a public of her own; and Graham Tomson, Mrs. Platt, L. N. Little and Mrs. Margaret Woods are some of those who swell the chorus of the day.

Looking back from the modern women poets and their writings to the first woman who spoke clearly and continuously in the tongue of poetry, to Joanna Baillie, we find many great gulfs fixed between them and her; and that this must of necessity be so is obvious. For time, in the course of a century and a half, has seen the development of many phases of consciousness, and, as the consciousness of each generation is reflected, broadly speaking, by the writers of its day, poetry must vary, in subject and in sentiment, with the varying perception, the varying spiritual and mental attributes of each age. The geniuses are always in advance of their age, and always, in a sense, above all ages, in that they attain to a higher and wider consciousness than is reached by the ordinary man: yet the general consciousness of the majority is not without its influence, even upon genius; and the differences in the dramatic portraiture of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, and a Robert Browning are due, not only to possible differences in the quality of and capacity for mental imaginative insight in the three poets, but also, and in a large measure, to the fact that in the fourteenth, the sixteenth, and the nineteenth centuries, the common consciousness of the time was awake in a different degree to the complexities of human nature and the subtleties of its self-deceptions.

The question of consciousness brings

us back to our original starting point, to the question of personality; for in personality is concentrated the sum of consciousness of the individual; and out of his consciousness does the poet write: of outer things and the outer side of them; or, entering the realm of thought, of a wider world, restless with problems; or again, having realized himself and his limitations, and rising on the wings of imagination to the plane of intuitive perception, he apprehends some of the truths which lie behind seeming and substance. The first women poets reflected rather than affected the age in which they lived: it was not till self-consciousness urged them to speak of their own needs, their own mental attitude, their own inner world, that they made any abiding impression upon thought and literature. But the revelation of themselves enlarged the general consciousness of their fellows; and, as the world of each one of us is limited to that of which each one is aware, the artist or the thinker who unlocks the door to a fresh fact or phase of existence has extended by so much the sphere of those whom he enlightens; and he who enlightens also influences mankind. The view that personality is the sum of consciousness gives a further explanation, too, of the facts noted in commenting upon the value of biography, namely, that that which is called the personal note is more pronounced in some writers than in others; that the lives and writings of some authors are more in accord than are those of others; and that the biographies of men of action are more representative of their subjects than are the biographies of writers: for it is obvious that the men whose consciousness is concentrated in deeds, in passing events, in the stir and the outer aspects of life, reveal their personality in ways much more direct and much easier of record than do those whose paramount consciousness, lying

beyond the range of action and of the concrete facts of life, finds its fullest development in abstractions; also that they whose intensest consciousness is centred thus in abstractions, may reveal in their writings a self far different from that shown in daily life; and again, that the man whose fullest consciousness lies in the realization of himself, will show more of his personality in his writings than he who has either not attained to or has transcended the consciousness of self. Poetry is the written embodiment of the poet's consciousness, and the value of the one varies with the quality of the other. We find self-consciousness expressing the needs and the attributes of a sex, an individual, or a class; we find abstract thought or intuitive perception treating of ideas and possibilities not cognizable of the senses; we find the consciousness of form declaring itself in musical sequences of sound, in metre, in construction, in the choice of words.

Of the range and nature of the consciousness peculiar to genius; of how

nearly and in how many cases women have entered upon it; of the extent to which it is positively inherent, developing of necessity, or exists potentially, dependent upon conditions, it is not possible here to treat: but in the consciousness of genius there is surely an element of prescience; the prophet foreknows—a quality of intuitive perception; the seer apprehends; or it may be that the poet, piercing time, penetrates to the eternal consciousness, free from the distinctions of present, future, or past, so that the note of prophecy, the declaration of truth, is due no more to prophetic or perceptive insight than to memory; to that recollection of which Plato spoke long ago. But be this as it may, the highest consciousness of the poets appears in their poems, not in written records, biographical or autobiographical, not in the things they do, not in the character they display: else were they, indeed, men and women, it may be, of high aims, fine qualities, and great achievements, but not poets essentially, inevitably, and first of all.

The Quarterly Review.

THE GOLD FISH.

Outside the little straw-thatched *café* in a small courtyard trellised with vines, before a miniature table painted in red and blue and upon which stood a dome-shaped pewter teapot and a painted glass half filled with mint, sat Amarabat, resting and smoking hemp. He was of those whom Allah in his mercy (or because man in the Blad-Allah has made no railways) has ordained to run. Set upon the road, his shoes pulled up, his waistband tightened, in his hand a staff, a palm-leaf wallet at his back, and in it bread, some hemp, a match or two (known to him as *el spiritus*), and a letter to

take anywhere, crossing the plains, fording the streams, struggling along the mountain paths, sleeping but fitfully, a burning rope steeped in saltpetre fastened to his foot, he trotted day and night—untiring as a camel, faithful as a dog. In Rabat, as he sat dozing, watching the greenish smoke curl upwards from his hemp pipe, word came to him from the Khalifa of the town. So Amarabat rose, paid for his tea with half a handful of defaced and greasy copper coins, and took his way towards the white palace with the crenelated walls, which on the cliff, hanging above the roaring tide-rip, just

inside the bar of the great river, looks at Salee. Around the horseshoe archway of the gate stood soldiers, wild, fierce-eyed, armed to the teeth, descendants, most of them, of the famed warriors whom Sultan Muley Ismail (may God have pardoned him!) bred for his service, after the fashion of the Carlylean hero Frederic; and Amarabat walked through them, not aggressively, but with the staring eyes of a confirmed hemp-smoker, with the long stride of one who knows that he is born to run, and the assurance of a man who waits upon his lord. Some time he waited, whilst the Khalifa dispensed what he thought justice, chafered with Jewish pedlars for cheap European goods, gossiped with friends, looked at the antics of a dwarf, or priced a Georgian or Circassian girl brought with more care than glass by some rich merchant from the East. At last Amarabat stood in the presence, and the Khalifa, sitting upon a pile of cushions playing with a Waterbury watch, a pistol and a Koran by his side, addressed him thus:—

"Amarabat, son of Bjorma, my purpose is to send thee to Taflet, where our liege lord the Sultan lies with his camp. Look upon this glass bowl made by the Kaffir, but clear as is the crystal of the rock; see how the light falls on the water, and the shifting colors that it makes, as when the Bride of the Rain stands in the heavens after a shower in spring. Inside are seven gold fish, each scale as bright as letters in an Indian book. The Christian from whom I bought them said originally they came from the Far East where the Djin-descended Jawi live, the little yellow people of the faith. That may be, but such as they are, they are a gift for kings. Therefore, take thou the bowl. Take it with care, and bear it as it were thy life. Stay not, but in an hour start from the town. Delay not on the road, be careful of the

fish, change not their water at the muddy pool where tortoises bask in the sunshine, but at running brooks; talk not to friends, look not upon the face of woman by the way, although she were as a gazelle, or as the maiden who when she walked through the fields the sheep stopped feeding to admire. Stop not, but run through day and night, pass thou the Atlas at the Glaui; beware of frost, cover the bowl with thine own hair; upon the other side shield me the bowl from the Saharan sun, and drink not of the water if thou pass a day athirst when toiling through the sand. Break not the bowl and see the fish arrive in Taflet, and then present them, with this letter, to our lord. Allah be with you, and his prophet; go, and above all things see thou breakest not the bowl." And Amarabat, after the manner of his kind, taking the bowl of gold fish, placed one hand upon his heart and said: "Inshallah, it shall be as thou hast said. God gives the feet and lungs, he also gives the luck upon the road."

So he passed out under the horseshoe arch, holding the bowl almost at arm's length so as not to touch his legs, and with the palmetto string by which he carried it, bound round with rags. The soldiers looked at him, but spoke not, and their eyes seemed to see far away, and to pass over all in the middle distance, though no doubt they marked the smallest detail of his gait and dress. He passed between the horses of the guard, all standing nodding under the fierce sun, the reins tied to the cantles of their high red saddles, a boy in charge of every two or three: he passed beside the camels resting by the well, the donkeys standing dejected by the firewood they had brought: passed women, veiled white figures going to the baths, and passing underneath the lofty gateway of the town, exchanged a greeting with a half-mad, half-religious beggar just outside

the walls, and then emerged upon the sandy road, between the aloe hedges, which skirts along the sea. So as he walked, little by little he fell into his stride; then got his second wind, and smoking now and then a pipe of hemp, began, as Arabs say, to eat the miles, his eyes fixed on the horizon, his stick stuck down between his shirt and back, the knob protruding over the left shoulder like the hilt of a two-handed sword. And still he held the precious bowl from Franquestan, in which the golden fish swam to and fro, diving and circling in the sunlight, or flapped their tails to steady themselves as the water danced with the motion of his steps. Never before in his experience had he been charged with such a mission, never before been sent to stand before Allah's vicegerent upon earth. But still the strangeness of his business was what pre-occupied him most. The fish like molten gold, the water to be changed only at running streams, the fish to be preserved from frost and sun; and then the bowl: had not the Khalifa said at the last "Beware, break not the bowl?" So it appeared to him that most undoubtedly a charm was in the fish and in the bowl, for who sends common fish on such a journey through the land? Then he resolved at any hazard to bring them safe and keep the bowl intact, and trotting onward, smoked his hemp, and wondered why he of all men should have had the luck to bear the precious gift. He knew he kept his law, at least as far as a poor man can keep it, prayed when he thought of prayer, or was assailed by terror in the night alone upon the plains; fasted in Ramadan, although most of his life was one continual fast; drank of the shameful but seldom, and on the sly, so as to give offence to no believer, and seldom looked upon the face of the strange women, Daughters of the Illegitimate, whom Sidna Mohammed himself has

said, avoid. But all these things he knew were done by many of the faithful, and so he did not set up himself as of exceeding virtue, but rather left the praise to God, who helped his slave with strength to keep his law. Then he left off thinking, judging the matter was ordained, and trotted, trotted over the burning plains, the gold-fish dancing in the water as the miles melted and passed away.

Duar and Kasbah, castles of the Caid, Arabs' black tents, suddra zaribas, camels grazing—antediluvian in appearance—on the little hills, the muddy streams edged all along the banks with oleanders, the solitary horsemen holding their long and brass-hooped guns like spears, the white-robed noiseless-footed travellers on the roads, the chattering storks upon the village mosques, the cow-birds sitting on the cattle in the fields—he saw, but marked not, as he trotted on. Day faded into night, no twilight intervening, and the stars shone out, Soheil and Rigel with Betelgeuse and Aldebaran, and the three bright lamps which the cursed Christians know as the Three Maries—called, he supposed, after the mother of their prophet, and still he trotted on. Then by the side of a lone palm-tree springing up from a cleft in a tall rock, an island on the plain, he stopped to pray; and sleeping, slept but fitfully, the strangeness of the business making him wonder; and he who cavils over matters in the night can never rest, for thus the jackal and the hyena pass their nights talking and reasoning about the thoughts which fill their minds when men lie with their faces covered in their hawks, and after prayer sleep. Rising after an hour or two and going to the nearest stream, he changed the water of his fish, leaving a little in the bottom of the bowl, and dipping with his brass drinking cup into the stream for fear of accidents. He passed the Kasbah of el Daudi, passed

the land of the Rahamna, accursed folk always in *siba*, saw the great snowy wall of Atlas rise, skirted Marakesh, the Kutubieh, rising first from the plain and sinking last from sight as he approached the mountains and left the great white city sleeping in the plain.

Little by little the country altered as he ran: cool streams for muddy rivers, groves of almond trees, ashes and elms, with grape vines binding them together as the liana binds the canela and the urunday in the dark forests of Brazil and Paraguay. At midday, when the sun was at its height, when locusts, whirling through the air, sank in the dust as flying fish sink in the waves, when palm trees seem to nod their heads, and lizards are abroad drinking the heat and basking in the rays, when the dry air shimmers, and sparks appear to dance before the traveller's eye, and a thin, reddish dust lies on the leaves, on clothes of men, and upon every hair of horses' coats, he reached a spring. A river springing from a rock, or issuing after running underground, had formed a little pond. Around the edge grew bulrushes, great catmace, water soldiers, tall arums and metallic-looking sedge grass, which gave an air as of an outpost of the tropics lost in the desert sand. Fish played beneath the rock where the stream issued, flitting to and fro or hanging suspended for an instant in the clear stream, and darted into the dark recesses of the sides; and in the middle of the pond enormous tortoises, horrid and antediluvian looking, basked with their backs awash or raised their heads to snap at flies, and all about them hung a dark and fetid slime.

A troop of thin brown Arab girls filled their tall amphorae whilst washing in the pond. Placing his bowl of fish upon a jutting rock, the messenger drew near. "Gazelles," he said, "will one of you give me fresh water for the Sultan's golden fish?" Laughing

and giggling, the girls drew near, looked at the bowl, had never seen such fish. "Allah is great; why do you not let them go in the pond and play a little with their brothers?" And Amarabat with a shiver answered, "Play, let them play! and if they come not back my life will answer for it." Fear fell upon the girls, and one advancing, holding the skirt of her long shift between her teeth to veil her face, poured water from her amphora upon the fish.

Then Amarabat, setting down his precious bowl, drew from his wallet a pomegranate and began to eat, and for a farthing buying a piece of bread from the women, was satisfied, and after smoking, slept, and dreamed he was approaching Tafilet; he saw the palm trees rising from the sand; the gardens; all the oasis stretching beyond his sight; at the edge the Sultan's camp, a town of canvas, with the horses, camels, and the mules picketed all in rows, and in the midst of the great *duar* the Sultan's tent, like a great palace all of canvas, shining in the sun. All this he saw, and saw himself entering the camp, delivering up his fish, perhaps admitted to the sacred tent, or at least paid by a vizier, as one who has performed his duty well. The slow match blistering his foot, he woke to find himself alone, the "gazelles" departed, and the sun shining on the bowl, making the fish appear more magical, more wondrous, brighter, and more golden than before.

And so he took his way along the winding Atlas paths, and slept at Demnats, then, entering the mountains, met long trains of travellers going to the south. Passing through groves of chestnuts, walnut trees and hedges thick with blackberries and travellers' joy, he climbed through vineyards rich with black Atlas grapes, and passed the flat mud-built Berber villages nestling against the rocks. Eagles flew by and moufflons gazed at him from the

peaks, and from the thickets of lentisous and dwarf arbutus wild boars appeared, grunted, and slowly walked across the path, and still he climbed, the icy wind from off the snow chilling him in his cotton shirt, for his warm Tadla haik was long ago wrapped round the bowl to shield the precious fish. Crossing the Wad Ghadat, the current to his chin, his bowl of fish held in one hand, he struggled on. The Berber tribesmen at Tetsula and Zarkten, hard-featured, shaved but for a chin tuft, and robed in their *achnifs* with the curious eye woven in the skirt, saw he was a *rekass*, or thought the fish not worth their notice, so gave him a free road. Night caught him at the stone-built, antediluvian-looking Kasbah of the Glaui, perched in the eye of the pass, with the small plain of Teluet two thousand feet below. Off the high snow peaks came a whistling wind, water froze solid in all the pots and pans, earthenware jars and bottles throughout the castle, save in the bowl which Amarabat, shivering and miserable, wrapped in his haik and held close to the embers, hearing the muezzin at each call to prayers, praying himself to keep awake so that his fish might live. Dawn saw him on the trail, the bowl wrapped in a woolen rag, and the fish fed with bread-crumbs, but himself hungry and his head swimming with want of sleep, with smoking kief, and with the bitter wind which from El Tisi N'Glaui flagellates the road. Right through the valley of Teluet he still kept on, and day and night still trotting, trotting on, changing his bowl almost instinctively from hand to hand, a broad leaf floating on the top to keep the water still, he left Agurzga, with its twin castles, Ghresat and Dads, behind. Then rapidly descending, in a day he reached an oasis between Todghra and Ferkla, and rested at a village for the night. Sheltered by palm trees and

hedged round with cactuses and aloes, either to keep out thieves or as a symbol of the thorniness of life, the village lay, looking back on the white Atlas gaunt and mysterious, and on the other side towards the brown Sahara, land of the palm tree (Belad-el-Jerid), the refuge of the true Ishmaelite; for in the desert, learning, good faith, and hospitality can still be found—at least, so Arabs say.

Orange and azofaifa trees, with almonds, sweet limes and walnuts, stood up against the waning light, outlined in the clear atmosphere almost so sharply as to wound the eye. Around the well goats and sheep lay, whilst a girl led a camel round the Noria track; women sat here and there and gossiped, with their tall earthenware jars stuck by the point into the ground, and waited for their turn, just as they did in the old times, so far removed from us, but which in Arab life is but as yesterday, when Jacob cheated Esau, and the whole scheme of Arab life was photographed for us by the writers of the Pentateuch. In fact, it was the self-same scene which has been acted every evening for two thousand years throughout North Africa, since the adventurous ancestors of the tribesmen of to-day left Hadrumut or Yemen, and upon which Allah looks down approvingly, as recognizing that the traditions of his first recorded life have been well kept. Next day he trotted through the barren plain of Seddat, the Jibel Saghra making a black line on the horizon to the south. Here Berber tribes sweep in their razzias like hawks; but who would plunder a rekass carrying a bowl of fish? Crossing the dreary plain and dreaming of his entry into Tafflet, which now was almost in his reach not two days distant, the sun beating on his head, the water almost boiling in the bowl, hungry and foot-sore, and in the state betwixt waking and sleep into which those who smoke

hemp on journeys often get, he branched away upon a trail leading towards the south. Between the oases of Todghra and Ferkla, nothing but stone and sand, black stones on yellow sand; sand, and yet more sand, and then again stretches of blackish rocks with a suddra bush or two, and here and there a colocynth, bitter and beautiful as love or life, smiling up at the traveller from amongst the stones. Towards midday the path led towards a sandy tract all overgrown with sandarac bushes and crossed by trails of jackals and hyenas, then it quite disappeared, and Amarabat waking from his dream saw he was lost. Like a good shepherd, his first thought was for his fish; for he imagined the last few hours of sun had made them faint, and one of them looked heavy and swam sideways and the rest kept rising to the surface in an uneasy way. Not for a moment was Amarabat frightened, but looked about for some known landmark, and finding none started to go back on his trail. But to his horror the wind which always sweeps across the Sahara had covered up his tracks, and on the stony paths which he had passed his feet had left no prints. Then Amarabat, the first moments of despair passed by, took a long look at the horizon, tightened his belt, pulled up his slipper heels, covered his precious bowl

with a corner of his robe, and started doggedly back upon the road he thought he traversed on the deceitful path. How long he trotted, what he endured, whether the fish died first, or if he drank, or, faithful to the last, thirsting met death, no one can say. Most likely wandering in the waste of sandhills and of suddra bushes he stumbled on, smoking his hashish while it lasted, turning to Mecca at the time of prayer, and trotting on more feebly (for he was born to run), till he sat down beneath the sun-dried bushes where the Shinghiti on his Mehari found him dead beside the trail. Under a stunted sandarac tree, the head turned to the east, his body lay, swollen and distorted by the pangs of thirst, the tongue protruding rough as a parrot's, and beside him lay the seven golden fish, once bright and shining as the pure gold when the goldsmith pours it molten from his pot, but now turned black and bloated, stiff, dry, and dead. Life the mysterious, the mocking, the inscrutable, unseizable, the uncomprehended essence of nothing and of everything had fled, both from the faithful messenger and from his fish. But the Khalifa's parting caution had been well obeyed, for by the tree, unbroken, the crystal bowl still glistened beautiful as gold, in the fierce rays of the Saharan sun.

The Saturday Review.

R. B. Cunningham Graham.

GREEK AND CHRISTIAN.

Make haste, my soul, the Wise Man whispered, go!

Gather the golden ears before the snow;

There is no harvest after death. But low,

The Shining One replied, It is not so.

Philip Henry Savage.

